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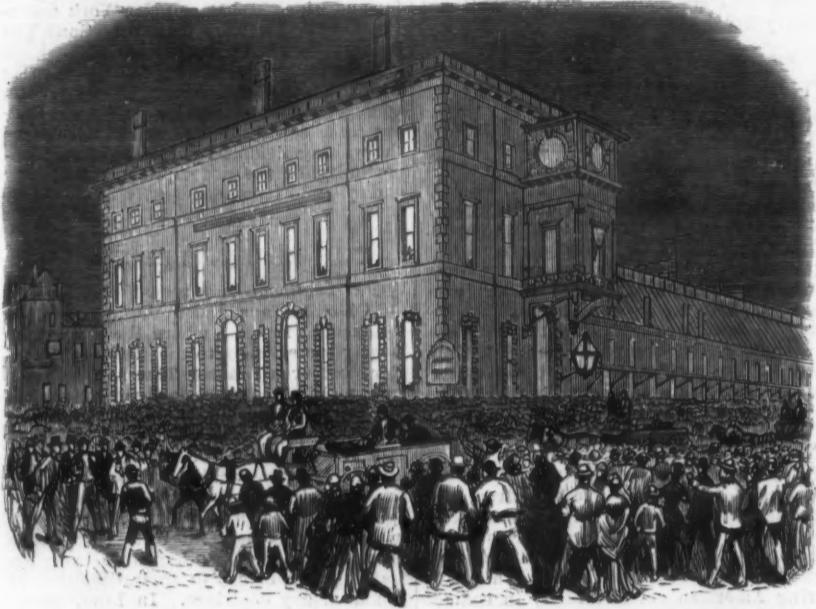
# FRANK LESLIE'S LESSER MAGAZINE NEWS PAPER

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1878.

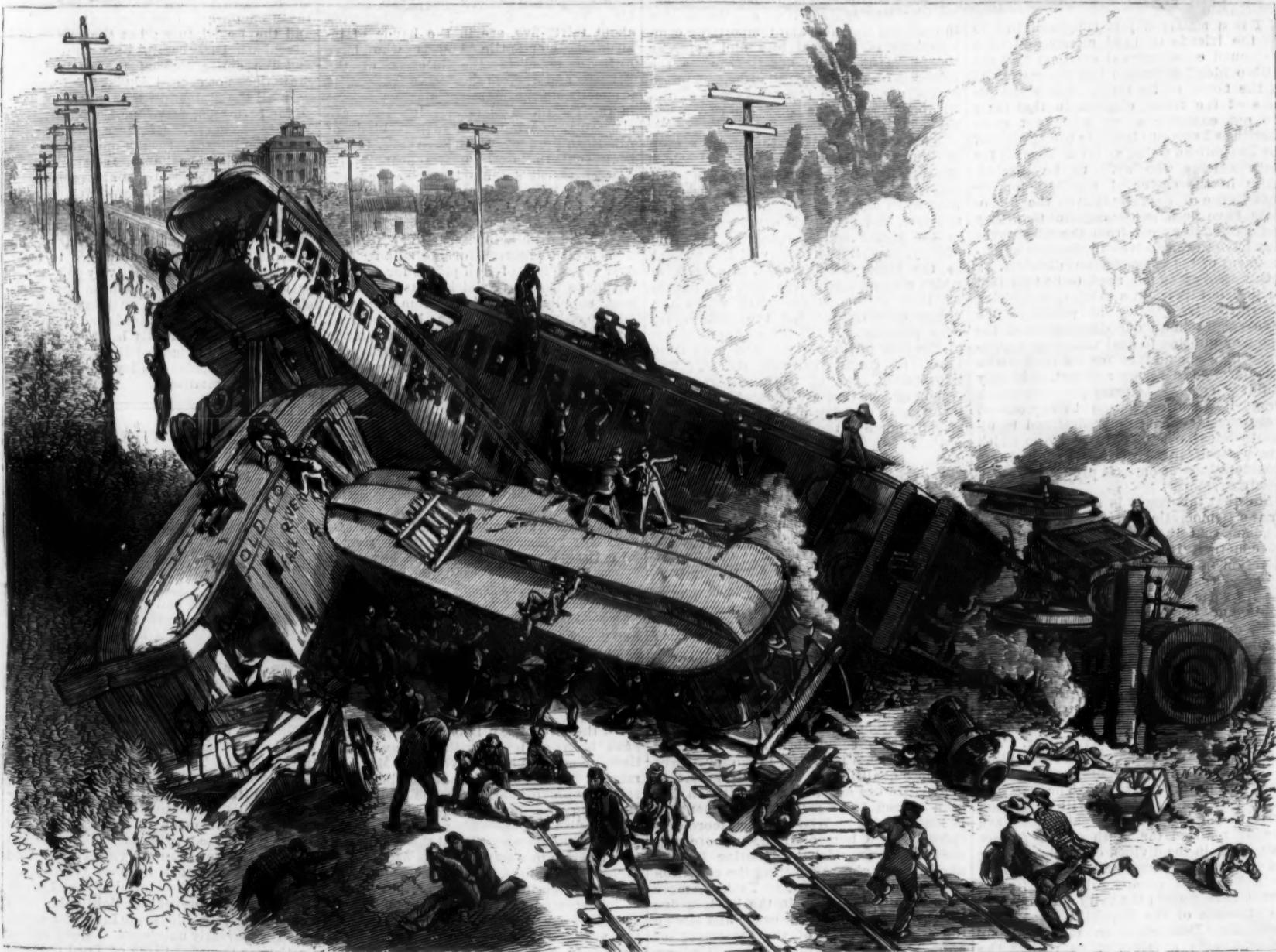
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ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN, WITH DEAD AND WOUNDED VICTIMS, AT THE OLD COLONY DEPOT, BOSTON.



REMOVING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED FROM THE WRECK AT WALLASTON STATION.

MASSACHUSETTS.—THE TERRIBLE DISASTER TO AN EXCURSION TRAIN ON THE OLD COLONY RAILROAD, AT WALLASTON STATION, ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 8TH.  
FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 126.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.  
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1878.

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## A WORD OF CAUTION.

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The only publications with which I am connected are issued from 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, and bear my name in full at their head.

FRANK LESLIE.

## THE OHIO VERDICT.

IT is a matter of just congratulation to the friends of hard money and of a sound constitutional currency that the "Ohio idea" in finance has come to grief in the house of its birth. While the details of the recent election in that State are not complete as we write, yet quite enough is known to indicate the success of the Republican ticket as far as regards the State officers who were to be elected, while in the choice of members for the next House of Representatives the Democrats have been less successful than they had a right to expect from the advantages they gave to themselves in the new apportionment of the Congressional districts.

Our readers do not need to be told that we find in this result a salutary exhibition of retributive justice in politics. We have sought in all our discussions of the financial question to deal with it as a question which should turn for its decision on considerations of reason and fact, of history and of science. The party platform which arrays itself in opposition to any one of these considerations is predestined to ultimate defeat, but the party platform which arrays itself in opposition to all these considerations at once, is predestined to a speedy overthrow.

And that this result is a beneficent one for the Democratic Party is as clear to our minds as that it is a beneficent result for the country. It would, indeed, be a cruel reflection on the Democracy if it could be supposed that a party which prides itself on its peculiar devotion to popular rights and popular interests could have rights and interests opposed to those of the people. "The right divine of kings to govern wrong" provoked the sneer of the British poet in the days of Queen Anne, and certainly no political party can claim for itself, at this late day, the benefits of an exploded doctrine which was buried in the grave of Sir Robert Filmer. The party which falls upon a stone of stumbling in the matter of a sound constitutional currency will be broken by it. The party on which this stone shall fall will be ground by it to powder. The Republicans have already realized the truth of the former statement, in the divided counsels growing out of heretical currency doctrines shared by Kelley and others, which, in some States, have marred the unity and impaired the strength of the Republican organization. The Democrats, in many of our States, are in a fair way to realize the truth of the latter statement, unless they shall learn obedience to reason and truth by the tribulations they are called to suffer from their own infatuation.

We are well aware that the currency doctrines espoused by the Democrats in Ohio, and in the West and South generally, are not identical with those of the avowed greenbackers and inflationists. We frankly admit that Senator Thurman professes an undisguised aversion for "flat money" and the Democratic platform in Ohio, while proposing the substitution of greenbacks for national bank-notes, did contain, by implication, a reservation against the wild "kiting" of the currency. But this reservation has naturally proved entirely worthless for the objects designed by its authors—worthless for the purpose of "carrying the elections" by throwing a tub to the Greenback whale, and worthless for the purpose of preventing an exodus from the Democratic ranks into the ranks of the "unterrified" inflationists. The men who, in the present aspect of the currency battle, are neither on the side of a sound constitutional currency nor of unlimited "flat money," but who, as the Kentuckians say in their unpicturesque vernacular, are "a little sort of one and a little sort of t'other," are bound to be crushed between the upper and the nether millstone. The first portentous woe which Dante was called to commiserate, in his imaginary passage through Inferno, was the miserable fate of those "who not rebellious proved, nor yet were true to God."

Between clearly defined issues of right and wrong, of truth and error, there is no *via media* and no "half-way house" in which unstable and vacillating souls may seek a refuge from the perils of a brave decision. Nothing betrays like cowardice. The issue between hard money and paper money, between money that has value and money that has none, is a square issue that does not admit of "dodging," or of "hedging." They who suppose that in a matter so decisive of a standing or of a failing party they can, by ingenious shifts and disguises, escape the necessity of taking a definite side in the premises, will find that they have mistaken alike the dictates of policy and the dictates of honesty. The politician who "deliberates" on a question like this is lost, for in the very act of deliberating he shows a disposition to palter with considerations of political purity and political truth which are of instinctive obligation on sound-minded and right-thinking men. We may pity the arrant delusion of the greenback fanatic, who, from ignorance, has allowed his zeal to run away with his discretion; but we must despise the sophister, economist and calculator who sins against light and knowledge in reaching his false and temporizing computations of political loss and gain, as though great public questions were the footballs of party, instead of being a grand assize in which the honesty as well as the wisdom of men is to be gauged and measured.

We do not much affect the turgid speech of Victor Hugo; for the rhetorical tricks of that great phrase-monger we have small respect; but he never uttered a truer saying than when he once wrote that "justice is a theorem, and penalty is exact as Euclid" in the moral and political world. And history, as well the history of the present as the history of the past, is a book in which we may study "the lives and figures of that enormous geometry which the vulgar calls chance, but the philosopher calls providence." It is no chance throw of the dice which has doomed the "Ohio idea" to confutation and defeat. The irreversible laws of truth and right, of reason and justice, are pledged to its overthrow, and the day of its overthrow has already come in the house of its nativity.

## HENRY BERGH FOR MAYOR.

AMONG the various gentlemen whose names have been mentioned in connection with the nomination for Mayor of New York, we have seen none which, to our mind, would be more acceptable than that of Mr. Henry Bergh. The chief magistracy of this metropolis is a position of vast dignity and responsibility, requiring in the incumbent the highest order of executive capacity, joined to incorruptible integrity, and the broadest sympathy with the highest objects of government. Our Mayor, too, should be familiar with the needs of the city, and a man of fearless and inflexible purpose whom no hostile combinations could turn aside from the path of duty. That Mr. Bergh possesses all these qualities, no one will presume to deny. He has never been a politician, but as a citizen and a patriot, who among us is his superior? Who has been more conspicuous as a humanitarian, or more persistent and unselfish in laboring for the abolition of abuses affecting the condition of both man and beast? To him, more than to all other men in the land, is due the revolution in modern usage and law on the whole subject of the treatment of animals, and the cruelties practiced on helpless children. Traveling from city to city, and State to State, altogether at his own cost, Mr. Bergh has preached the gospel of humanity with a power and em-

phasis which have roused legislatures, courts, and communities to the performance of forgotten duties and the extermination of disgraceful barbarisms—so that now the grand humane movement which he inspired not only gives this country pre-eminence in that peculiar sphere of effort, but by the example thus afforded is stimulating nearly every civilized nation to like beneficent action.

But Mr. Bergh is not merely a philanthropist; he is in the fullest sense a man of practical ideas and tendencies. All his time is given to earnest work, either in the courts, on the platform, or at the rooms of the Society of which he is the chief. As Mayor of the city, he would exercise over every department that personal supervision for which his active life and habit of mind peculiarly qualify him; and he would guard with unflagging vigilance every interest of the taxpayer committed to his care. His independence of partisan influence, his robust integrity, his sympathy with the best and highest ideas of reform in government and morals, all combine to make him a candidate upon whom the people can safely and wisely unite. Why shall not Henry Bergh be Mayor?

## THE MEDITERRANEAN TRADE.

THE import trade of the cities bordering on the Mediterranean averages annually about \$500,000,000. Of this the greater part is in the hands of the English, four hundred steamers plying regularly between Great Britain and the Mediterranean ports. Up to a recent date our own share of this vast volume of trade has amounted to only twenty per cent, if indeed it has ever reached that meagre proportion. At the same time it is estimated that we take and consume nearly seventy-five per cent. annually of the productions of the Mediterranean, which are, of course, brought to us by British ships.

Recently a movement has been started in Philadelphia which promises to largely diminish this great disparity between exports and imports by wresting from the English the monopoly they have so long enjoyed in the Mediterranean. This movement was based upon the idea that all that was needed to supplant the English was to bring American goods directly in contact with theirs; and in furtherance of this idea, agencies for the sale of our products have been as rapidly as possible established along the Mediterranean coast. Many of these agencies, now numbering about thirty-five, are in the hands of influential mercantile houses who have hitherto acted in the interest of the British, and their remarkable success is prophetic of the most satisfactory results in the future. Orders and inquiries are constantly pouring in for various kinds of American products which have never before been sent to Southern European ports. Among recent notable inquiries was one for estimates of the cost for equipping a hundred miles of railway with Bessemer steel rails. At the present moment, as we learn from a Philadelphia journal, negotiations are in progress for the shipment of over 70,000 feet of iron piping for a Mediterranean *entrepot* which has hitherto been supplied exclusively from Glasgow. A large order from Egypt has been received for canned goods. Inquiries have been made for samples and prices of our paper manufactures for purposes of comparison with those of English and German makes. All kinds of agricultural implements and machinery are in demand. Leathers also are being called for, the foreign consumers finding that American fine calfskins and carriage leathers will hold their own in competition with the French product. Our oilcloths have been pronounced as being cheaper, more durable and less heavy than those of English manufacture, which are gradually being superseded. Boiler rivets, an entirely new article of export, have also grown in favor, and a preliminary order for five tons was recently shipped to Italy. American biscuits, also, are making headway against the British article in France and Cuba, while as an outgrowth of the same movement the importations of English biscuits into the United States have been almost entirely stopped through the demand for the article of home manufacture.

All these results, it is to be remembered, have been achieved without any direct lines of communication with the Mediterranean. They have been accomplished in spite of unfavorable and hostile conditions. Realizing the possibilities which these results disclose, the wide-awake Philadelphia capitalists who started the movement now propose to establish a line of Mediterranean steamships, and to that end have already subscribed two million of dollars. It is expected that the vessels will be in course of construction before the close of the year. The aggregate of capital invested in the enterprise will be about \$4,000,000, and its projectors are confident that it will prove a profitable one. It will enable our manufacturers to supply their goods direct to all the principal Medi-

terranean ports, while the steamships will bring return cargoes of fruit and other freight now brought to us by English ships. Pending the consummation of this steamship project, it is announced that the establishment of commercial agencies will continue until the whole European Continent is supplied with sample depots of American productions.

Do the merchants and capitalists of New York propose to stand idle in the presence of these efforts of a sister city to bring the commerce of Southern Europe to their doors? If Philadelphia can establish and maintain a line of steamships with the Mediterranean, and her manufacturers can command a market there for their goods, cannot New York do as much? The Philadelphians, we are told, have not confined their enterprise to this particular field; communications have also been opened with the leading commercial cities of Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Africa, the West Indies and India, where pamphlets containing cuts and descriptive accounts of the productions of prominent local manufactories have been scattered far and wide. What are New York manufacturers doing in the same direction? The field is wide and the opportunities great. It is to be hoped that the spirit of enterprise which has hitherto made the metropolis conspicuous in promoting and extending our American commerce will at once enter the waiting field and seize the offered opportunity for the accomplishment of new and splendid triumphs.

## THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

THE result of the recent elections in Ohio, Indiana and Iowa is somewhat "mixed." In Ohio, where the Democrats largely surrendered to the greenback delusion, and even Senator Thurman to some extent abandoned his hard-money record, the Republicans elect their State ticket by 9,000 majority, being a gain of 29,000 over last year, and secure nine out of the twenty Congressional districts, including several which had been "gerrymandered" against them. In the City of Cincinnati, with its vast financial interests, Democratic favorites of long standing were badly defeated, owing chiefly to their desertion of sound money doctrines. In Iowa, where the Democracy and Greenbackers coalesced in several districts, the Republicans carry their State ticket by an increased majority, but lose two Representatives. In Indiana the Republicans lose three Congressmen and the Legislature; but the pretentious Greenback Party carries only one district, and the entire vote of the party in the State does not exceed 30,000.

In all the States in which elections have so far been held, fifty-four Representatives have been chosen. Of these, twenty-eight are Republicans, twenty-one Democrats, and five Greenbackers. In the present Congress, the same States are represented by thirty-nine Republicans and sixteen Democrats, showing a net Republican loss of eleven members, of whom the Democrats gain five, the Greenbackers five, and in one district there was a failure to elect. In other words, the distinctively soft-money party has failed as yet to obtain any appreciable foothold in the national councils, while that party and the Democracy combined will not apparently be strong enough to reverse, in the face of Executive opposition, the financial policy to which the country is committed.

## BEYOND THE SEA.

IT looked somewhat ominous when the Paris Peace Congress itself, after laboring to promote its laudable object of having international disputes settled by arbitration, ended its sessions in almost a row. And ever since war and rumors of war have seemed to be the order of the day in the Old World. Really, when to all this are added political complications, commercial disasters, strikes and their train of troubles, and the dire aggregate of the ordinary minor miseries of life in lands beyond the sea, faith alone sustains any hope in the better times coming. Nevertheless, the promise of these is sure.

In England great distress prevails at Blackburn. More than half the factory population there is unemployed, without the slightest expectation of improvement in business. The mills of the Messrs. Greenwood and other mills are about to close. Fifteen hundred hands in the Sunnyside Mills, at Bolton, have been thrown out of employment in consequence of the strike of the "twisters." Despite hard times, however, the Newmarket second October Meeting has been as brilliant as ever, and despite the storm on the night of the 9th instant, preventing light being seen at Plymouth, the Eddystone Lighthouse still stands apparently uninjured. Among recent deaths are recorded those of Lord Chelmsford, ex-Lord Chancellor; George Hammond Whalley, M. P., whose inveterate hatred of the Pope made him such a firm friend of the "Fat Claimant"; Sir Francis Grant,

a celebrated painter, and President of the Royal Academy, and Captain Charles H. E. Judkins, formerly Commodore of the Cunard fleet of steamships.

France is still profoundly agitated over the recent speech at Romans by Gambetta. But he has denounced as calumnious the assertion that it proved the hostility of French Republicans to religion, which ought not, he adds, to be confounded with Ultramontanism. The Senatorial elections will come off so soon that the reactionary anti-Republican plots of Gambetta's opponents will not have much time to be helped by the inopportune attributed to his speech by the London *Times*. The French sympathy with the sufferers by yellow-fever in the United States was manifested anew by a splendid festival for their benefit, on the 15th instant, at the Trocadéro Palace. The 10th of November has been definitively determined upon for the closing day of the International Exposition. A rumor that a large French fleet was to be sent to the Mediterranean is denied. Both France and Italy, as Mediterranean Powers, are deeply interested in preventing the Mediterranean from becoming either a Russian or an English Lake; but there is no immediate prospect of witnessing great sea-fights there between the navies of the jealous Powers.

Germany is excited over the perils of internal warfare provoked by Prince Bismarck's persistence in trying to force his Anti-Socialist Bill through the Reichstag. At the re-assembling of the Reichstag, the Chancellor himself made a long speech, strenuously supporting his pet measure. In it, however, he weakened in his obstinacy so far as to admit that workingmen's associations promoted the welfare of the laboring classes when their action was confined to proper objects, and when they did not seek to undermine the groundwork of religion, state and society, and the rights of property. He was willing, he said, to examine any positive proposition of the Social Democracy to ameliorate the condition of the workingman. His threat to resign if his Anti-Socialist Bill should not be passed without essential modifications does not seem to have frightened either the German people or their representatives. At the same session, when he made his great speech, Herr Frankenstein read a declaration on behalf of the Centre, that is, the Catholics, that, although they recognized the dangers of the Socialist agitation, they do not consider the pending Bill as the proper means of combating it, and that, therefore, the Centre would vote against it. The probability is that neither the rigidity of Prince Bismarck nor the violent speech of Herr Hasselman will prevent some compromise from being made in the premises, after all.

In Spain, the Cortes will meet at Madrid on the 31st of October. A few cases of yellow fever were carried home by the troops returning from Cuba, but fortunately the disease is not likely to become an epidemic. Spain has demanded reparation for the murder of a Spanish official near Tetuan, Morocco. At Casablanca, in Morocco, there were 696 deaths from cholera between the 7th and 24th of September.

Hungary's fear that Austria was drifting into war with Turkey led to a ministerial crisis which has resulted in temporarily postponing the completion of the Austrian occupation programme. Four thousand wagons with Christian refugees followed the Russians as they withdrew to Adrianople, and the Russian chargé d'affaires has requested the Porte to send a commission and a detachment of troops to reassure the population. In consequence of murders of Christians by the turbulent Turkish populace in the districts evacuated, the further withdrawal of Russian troops has been stopped for the present by order of the Czar. On the 13th of October, the Russians officially took possession of Bessarabia. At Constantinople the idea is gaining ground that war between Turkey and Greece is inevitable. In the far East, preparations are being actively made for a campaign in Afghanistan. But notwithstanding sensational rumors, no serious collision between the British and the Afghans has yet taken place. The Viceroy is surprised to find that at all points on the frontier the Afghans are in arms to oppose the entrance of the British forces. The Amur manifestly does not intend that his invaders shall have an easy walk over in their attempt to conquer his dominions.

THE distribution of "campaign documents" at the public expense ought to be stopped. Statistics show that during the month of September about 230 tons of free mail matter were sent from Washington, of which only sixteen tons came from the departments and possessed a public interest. The bulk of the remainder consisted of campaign documents, sent by the two Congressional Campaign Committees under the provision of law by which matter which has appeared in the *Congressional Record*, or is printed by order of Congress, may be franked. Had regular rates of postage been paid on this matter, the Government

would have realized from it about \$36,000. Is there any reason why the partisan committee should not pay the same rates for the distribution of their mail matter as are charged against private individuals for the like service?

GOVERNOR WADE HAMPTON counsels the Southern Democracy to abandon the idea of demanding the Vice-President in 1880. Such a course, he argues, would convince the country that they are not looking for place or power, but for the success of principle. The Charleston *News*, approving the Governor's suggestion, naively adds: "Were the office of Vice-President of any special importance to her, the South would not forego her claims." Perhaps the magnanimity of Governor Hampton is not the real stuff, after all.

IN ONE respect the prosperity of this country is exceptional. Statistics as to the commerce of the world at this time show that the United States is the only country whose exports exceed its imports, with the exception of India, which has a small trade balance in its favor. The increase in the importations to Europe is principally in breadstuffs, this country being the great source of supply for European deficiencies in that line. In France, for the first eight months of the present year, the imports amounted to \$548,000,000, and exports to \$414,000,000, leaving the balance of trade against the country \$134,000,000.

THE Alhaiza opera concerts at Steinway Hall, the first of which was given on the 14th instant, promise to become very popular. The company, which includes Madame Alhaiza, the soprano, from whom it derives its name; Signorina Tomasi, a contralto singer; the Signori Luberti and Boniverdi, tenor and bass; and Mr. Franz Rummel, a pianist, is a strong one, and will be sure to grow in favor as his versatility, refined taste, and great power become generally known. Madame Alhaiza, the soprano, has rare powers of vocalization, her voice showing the most careful and thorough training. The next concert of the company, given October 17th, will be followed by a matinee on the ensuing Saturday.

THE Collector of Customs at New Orleans, in a recent letter to Secretary Sherman, says that the suffering and want directly resulting from yellow fever is still very great, affecting at least 50,000 persons. The indications are that the ravages of the disease will continue for weeks to come, and after they have ceased, weeks must elapse before the business and industries of the city can be completely reorganized. It is estimated by those most familiar with the situation that, in addition to the resources now available, half a million of rations will be necessary to carry the people of New Orleans through the epidemic, and until such time as the trade of the city can be re-established. The Government will probably contribute to the needed supply of food.

THE business outlook in Great Britain continues to be gloomy. The London *Times* expresses the conviction that a trying time lies before all banking and financial interests, and fears that every department of commerce may be subjected to embarrassment and alarm. The Board of Trade returns for September fail to yield the smallest comfort respecting the great industries of the country. The imports of cotton, flax and hemp have fallen off, while the exports of cotton piece goods, linen, jute, and cutlery have declined in quantity and value, especially in value. Meanwhile, in this country there is a steady revival of business interests, and the outlook is every day growing brighter and more encouraging.

RECENTLY the finance department of the New York City government wanted bids for six million nine hundred thousand dollars of consolidated stock, bearing five per cent. interest. On the 9th instant bids to the amount of \$28,000,000 were opened, the bidders offering 105.28, or a premium of 5.28 on the entire loan. This premium is about equal to that of the United States five per cents. No better evidence of the high standing of the credit of the city could be desired than is embodied in this simple statement of facts. Nor can there be any doubt, in view of the result of this experiment, of the practicability of refunding the six and seven per cent. city debt, at a lower rate of interest, and the consequent diminution of the burdens of the municipal administration.

THE passage of the Bismarck Anti-Socialist Bill by the German Reichstag, which now seems probable, will be followed by more serious consequences than have been generally anticipated. The Bill practically destroys freedom of speech and of the Press, and under it a Social Democrat would

be liable at any moment to arrest on suspicion and to imprisonment or exile, while his property would be subject to confiscation. In view of the perils of the situation, the leaders are now advocating the wholesale emigration of members of that party to the United States. They have funds, are well organized, and whole societies of them can emigrate in company and settle down as colonies in the Western or Southern States. It is doubtful, however, whether the Government would permit the wholesale departure of so large a portion of its population, and while we welcome, as a rule, all immigrants of whatever nationality, the reception of bodies of men holding the pernicious doctrines of Socialism and the Commune would perhaps be less cordial than is usually accorded to new-comers.

A STATEMENT recently issued by the Comptroller of the Currency shows very conclusively the falsity of the charge, so frequently made by the opponents of our present financial system, that the "monopoly" enjoyed by the national banks is a source of continual profit to the "bloated" shareholders. It appears from this statement that 328 national banks, with a capital of \$48,797,900, paid no dividends for the six months ending March 1st, 1878, and 357 banks, with a capital of \$58,736,950, paid no dividends for the six months ending on the 1st of September last. For the first six months of the year 1876, 238 national banks, with a capital of \$34,290,000, and, for the second six months of the same year, 273 national banks, with a capital of \$44,000,000, paid no dividends. For the first six months of the year 1877, 245 national banks, with a capital of \$40,452,000, and, for the second six months of the same year, 288 banks, with a capital of \$41,166,200, paid no dividends. The ratio of earnings to capital and surplus of the national banks for the year 1876 was 6.9 per cent., in 1877 it was 5.6 per cent., and for 1878 less than 6 per cent. Of the banks which paid no dividends for the half year ending with the 1st of September last, 51 were located in New England, 114 in the Middle States, and 132 in the Western States.

THOSE American citizens who complain of the burdens of taxation should read the report of the Egyptian Commission of Inquiry, recently published. They would derive therefrom a knowledge of real fiscal oppression, which would probably moderate their views as to the defects of our own system of taxation. In Egypt no tax is regulated by law. The superior authority asks, the inferior authority demands, and the lowest authority takes, just what the Treasury has ordered, and there is no appeal. New taxes are imposed at discretion, and are occasionally quite absurd. For example, when a bridge is built, the charge for it is imposed on the boatmen whose boats are impeded by the bridge, not on the passengers whose journey is facilitated. All who do not own land pay the tax on professions, because, not being landowners, they might take to professions, if they liked. Egyptians are not allowed to own scales, because they might evade the weighing-tax; while the salt-tax is levied according to population, which is never counted, but fixed by an order, which is never varied. Finally, the conscription is enforced on anybody who cannot bribe the Sheik, the regulation price for exemption being \$400, which an Egyptian peasant can no more raise than an American hod-carrier could. These taxes are all levied by "moral pressure," says the Inspector-General, and the Commission adds that moral pressure is explained to them by other evidence. It means, in fact, the threat of torture.

THE Republican Congressional Campaign Committee affords a conspicuous illustration of the untrustworthiness of the average politician. The chairman of the committee, Hon. Eugene Hale, proclaims everywhere and with the utmost emphasis that the Republican is the only party in favor of hard money and honest finance. Mr. Gorham, the secretary of the committee, insists with equal vigor and industry that the Republican Party is the party of the greenback; and, when application is made for copies of the speech of the President at St. Paul, and that of Secretary Schurz at Cincinnati, coolly sends out copies of a speech of his own, made at Newark, N. J., and for making which he has been severely criticized by leading Republican newspapers. Mr. Gorham has decided that the speeches of the President and Secretary Schurz are not worthy of being circulated as Republican campaign documents, and holds that the alone truly represents the party sentiment on the financial question. As he still holds his place as secretary of the committee, we must conclude that its members are quite content that the party shall reap any advantages that may result from his coqueting with the greenbackers. If Mr. Hale and his associates were in earnest in their hard money avowals, certainly Mr. Gorham would have been dismissed long ago. They ought to

understand that every day he is permitted to remain where he is responsible for the damage which he is doing to the cause of sound financial principles.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

EDWARD COOPER has been nominated for Mayor of New York by the National Greenback Labor Party.

OWING to the defalcation of Calder, the cashier, the Grocers' & Producers' Bank, Providence, R. I., is to be closed.

THE Sacramento County Hospital has been destroyed by fire. All of the inmates were saved without accident.

STATE TREASURER GATES, of Missouri, and ex-Treasurer Mercer have been arrested for improper use of State funds.

THE inquiry into the case of Fitz-John Porter has been resumed, and witnesses are testifying in behalf of the Government.

VISCOUNT NOGUEIRAS, the recently appointed Minister from Portugal to the United States, has been presented to the President.

THE town of Edensburg, Pa., was destroyed by fire on October 13th, involving a loss of over \$350,000, and the destruction of 225 buildings.

THE Sinking Fund Commissioners of New York have awarded the entire new city loan of \$6,900,000 to an American syndicate at 105.28.

THE Missouri State Republican Convention met at St. Louis, October 9th, adopted a strong, hard-money platform, and made nominations.

DAVID D. COLTON, Vice-President of the Southern Pacific Railroad and Financial Director of the Central Pacific, died at San Francisco, October 10th.

WARDEN DAVIS, of Sing Sing Prison, reports that the excess of earnings of convicts over expenses during the past year shows a surplus profit of \$43,406.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has decided to issue legal-tender notes of the denominations of \$5,000 and \$10,000, to take the place of coin certificates in January next.

INTEREST in the Silver Lake, Staten Island, mystery, has been revived by the arrest of Edward Reinhardt, who is thought to have murdered one wife a week after wedding a second.

IN the investigation into the Old Colony Railroad accident at Wallaston Station, Mass., on October 8th, the State Board of Railroad Commissioners placed the blame on the conductor of the freight train.

THE coroner's inquest into the causes of the steamboat *Adelphi* explosion on the 28th ultimo, holds Inspector Blake, Engineer Howland and the steamboat company, responsible for the accident.

PRESIDENT HAYES issued a proclamation, October 7th, commanding the people who are making disturbances in New Mexico to disperse by the 13th. The military were instructed to see that the order was obeyed.

TWO NEW life-saving stations are to be constructed at once on the New Jersey coast, one at Long Branch, the other at Wreck Pond. On the coast of Virginia and North Carolina the work on thirty is nearly finished; and three more are to be built on the coast of Delaware and Maryland.

INTERNAL Revenue officers have been defied by illicit distillers in Arkansas, who have fortified four establishments and provided garrisons. The Collector at Little Rock asked for troops, but, after a Cabinet conference, the Commissioner telegraphed that the aid of a military force would not be invoked until all other means of enforcing the law had been exhausted.

THE yellow fever is still spreading in Louisiana and Mississippi. In New Orleans the whole number of cases up to October 11th was 11,206, and the deaths 3,400. The deaths now number about 50 daily. In Memphis the deaths average 30 per day. Investigations are being made in the former city as to the origin of the epidemic.

##### Foreign.

HEUGH, BALFOUR & Co., of Manchester, England, have failed. Their liabilities are estimated at between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000.

THE Rev. Dr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and a member of the French Senate, died suddenly, October 11th, aged seventy-six years.

THE Grand Jury at Montreal has brought in true bills against a number of Orangemen charged with unlawfully assembling on the 12th of July last.

PRESIDENT DIAZ has organized a campaign against the Rio Grande Indians, and it is thought he will attempt to remove them to the Pacific Slope. Commerce is improving daily.

A DEPUTATION of the Bosnian Mohammedan Boys, who fled to Serbia, have had an audience with Prince Milan, at which they begged permission to settle in Serbia. The request will in all probability be granted.

ITALY continues seeking for herself and other Mediterranean Powers the right of participation in the administration of Egypt. The Khedive says he is determined to maintain complete independence in his government.

AFTER killing 250 persons and destroying the greater part of Fredericksburg, the Santa Cruz insurgents have been subdued. The cause of the trouble was a disagreement between the negroes and planters regarding labor contracts.

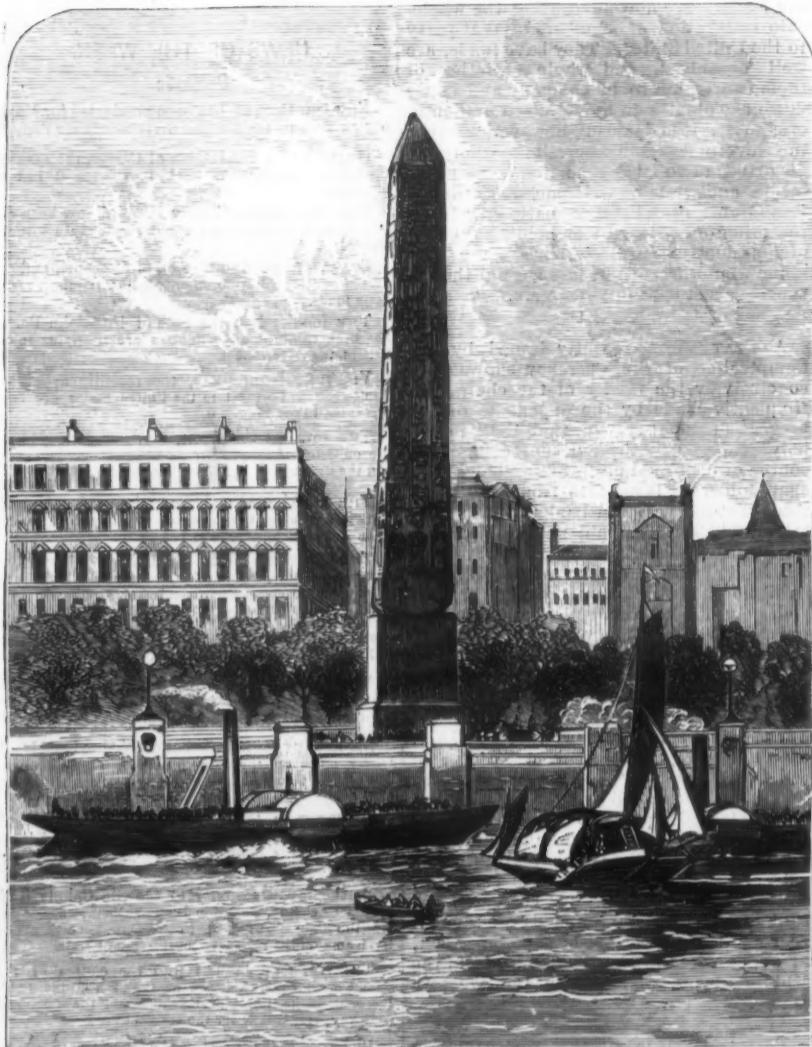
IN spite of the reinforcements received by the insurgents in the Sandžuk of Novi-Bazar, the progress of the Austrian forces has caused such a general panic throughout the Sandžuk that the people of the leading towns are offering to escape attack by surrendering.

THE threatened rupture between Turkey and Austria, averted by the latter's decision not to move upon Novi-Bazar, has been succeeded by the menace of a collision between Turkey and Greece. It is said that Osman Pasha himself has pronounced a purely defensive policy impossible.

THE Emperor of Austria has convened the Reichstag for October 22d. An important conference has been held at Vienna, which it is thought will result in the assumption, provisionally, of the Hungarian Ministry of Finance by Herr Von Tisza, and the Ministry of the Interior by Baron Von Wenckheim.

THE independence of Roumania will not be formally recognized by the Powers until that Government complies with the treaty requirements respecting the equality of the Jews, which is considered in jeopardy in the Chambers. It is believed the Russians will maintain their administration in Eastern Roumania during the term of their occupation of Bulgaria.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 127.



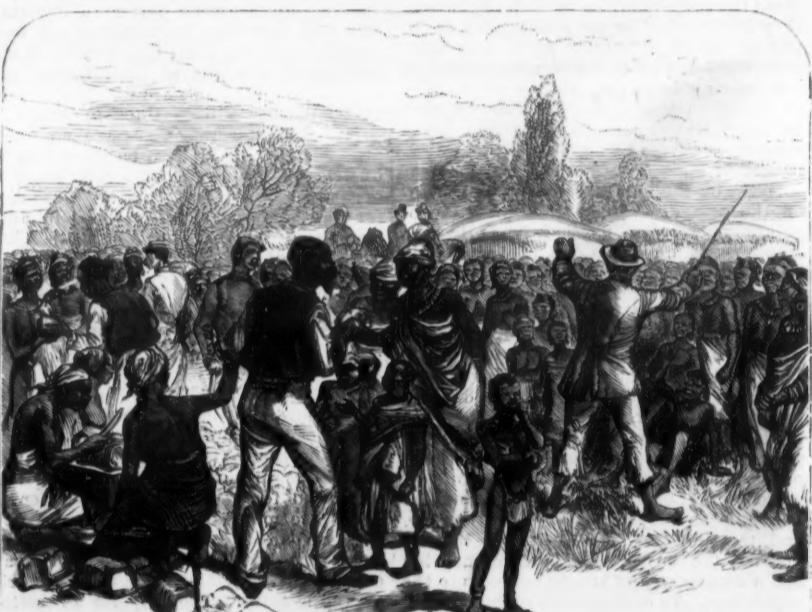
ENGLAND.—CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN POSITION ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON.



FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—INTERIOR OF THE TUNISIAN PAVILION.



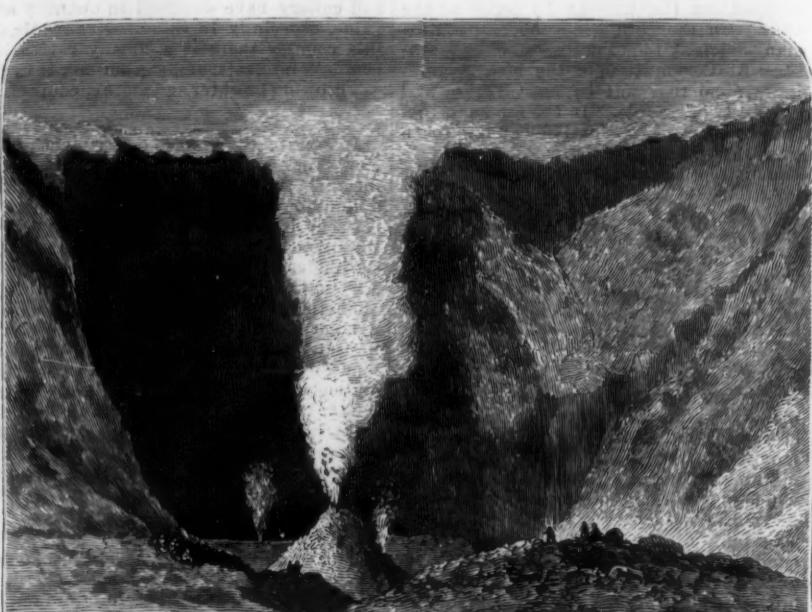
CYPRUS.—LANDING-PLACE OF THE BRITISH ARMY OF OCCUPATION ON THE WEST COAST.



AFRICA.—BRITISH AUTHORITIES FEEDING CAFFRE WOMEN AND CHILDREN AFTER THE SURRENDER.



RUSSIA.—RETURN OF THE FINNISH GUARD TO ST. PETERSBURG.



ITALY.—INTERIOR OF THE CRATER OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, ON AUGUST 21ST LAST.



NEW YORK.—THE PILOT-HOUSE OF THE STEAMER "DREW"—PASSING THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

DEAN STANLEY.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Chaplain of the Order of the Bath, and Dean of Westminster, London, is the second son of Edward Stanley, D.D., Bishop of Norwich, a distinguished naturalist, by Catharine, daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leycester, rector of Stoke, Shropshire, and was born in Alderley, Cheshire, December 13th, 1815. He was educated at Rugby, and was the favorite pupil of the illustrious Arnold, his friendship with whom was only terminated by Arnold's death in 1842. Stanley obtained a Balliol scholarship, got the Newdigate Poem in 1837, the Ireland in the same year, took a First-class in 1838, and obtained in 1839 the Latin essay, and in 1840 the English essay, and also the Elterton theological prize, he being by this time Fellow of the University College. After this Mr. Stanley became known for many years in Oxford as one of the most able of the tutors, and as one of the pioneers of "Liberal opinions" in Oxford.

On his father's death, in 1850, he refused the deanery of Carlisle, tendered him by Lord John Russell, as a mark of respect to his father's merits as a Liberal bishop; but having been secretary of the Oxford University Commission, and one of its guiding spirits, he was rewarded in 1851 with a canonry at Canterbury. He returned to Oxford, in 1853, as Canon of Christ Church, the stall attached to the Regius Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, which he held, having fallen in. He had been selected preacher before the University in 1845-6. His subsequent career at Oxford, as the leader of the Liberal Party, is a matter of English history. In 1860 he was elected a member of the Hebdomadal Council. He was for many years Chaplain to the late Prince Consort, and on the Prince of Wales forming his establishment, he became Chaplain to his Royal Highness. He accompanied the Prince to the East, and on his return to London published a volume of sermons preached in the Holy Land. On January 9th, 1864, he was installed as Dean of Westminster, in the famous Abbey. He has a high reputation as an author and lecturer.

Dean Stanley arrived in Boston last month, preached one sermon and was entertained by Mr. Longfellow, at Boston, and Mr. Bancroft, at Newport. In New York he preached once, going thence up the Hudson as the guest of Cyrus W. Field. He was the guest of George W. Childs in Philadelphia, and of the leading clergymen at Richmond. He has visited a number of theological seminaries and educational institutions, and is traveling rapidly, as he is obliged to be in London early in November. He expresses himself highly delighted with this country, its clear atmo-

sphere and brilliant Autumn scenery, as well as with the extreme courtesy of his reception.

#### THE PILOT-HOUSE ON THE "DREW."

DURING my recent trip up the Hudson, I was awfully struck by the pilot-house on board the *Drew*. It was as large as a swell conservatory, all glass and sun-blinds, and all that sort of thing. When I thought of the poor beggars on board our Channel boats, with nothing but an oilskin to cover them, I congratulated the American pilots on their luck, by Jove! They are well housed, well cared for, while the British "man at the wheel" has no roof but the stars, and no better protection against all weathers than an india-rubber coat. I asked permission of Captain Roe to have a look at the pilot-house, which that officer most courteously accorded me. I ascended to the upper deck, and having boldly passed the "lookout," scaled a ladder stairway, and found myself in Egyptian darkness, relieved only by a small lamp resembling a child's night-light. A gruff voice from out the gloom challenged me. Turning in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, I could discern the figure of a man standing ghost-wise against a dull, dead, blackish-gray background. My eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, I got at three other figures, all in attitudes suggestive of severe muscular strain. The moon, which had remained concealed behind a cloud, now suddenly appeared, and I beheld the pilot and his staff. I was cheerily received by Mr. Henry Hayford, the pilot, whose home has been the Hudson for over thirty years. "We live up here like crows on the roof," he observed; "but we see all that's going on down below." The gigantic glass-case gives shelter to an enormous double wheel, at which four men stand "all through the watches of the night," the pilot himself lending a hand when not engaged in spying ahead through his night-glass. The house is very roomy and furnished with high chairs with rotary seats, a compass, a clock, speaking-tubes, bell-pulls and cocoa mats, while the rules and regulations for the government of pilots and a chart adorn its one wooden wall. A set of verses in a walnut frame are fastened to an upright, entitled "The Dead Pilot at the Wheel," commencing:

"The midnight skies of Autumn were  
brilliant overhead,  
As up the glorious Hudson the laden  
vessel sped,  
The while with eye unsleeping, and  
nerves as strong as steel,  
The brave and faithful pilot kept vigil  
at the wheel."

Mr. Hayford has had charge of the *Drew* since she was launched, and so



THE VERY REVEREND ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, LONDON.

accustomed is he to steering by night, that he prefers the darkest night to the brightest day.

"I have more room," he exclaimed. "There is too much to look at in the day-time."

The pilot's dread is a snow-storm, as it is necessary to keep his immense vessel under way, and this with no sea room. "I'd take a choice of the muddiest fog any time," exclaimed Mr. Hayford. I can readily imagine what a terrible strain it must be on the pilot when he becomes enveloped in a fog. I know what a London fog is, and the idea of having charge of a big ship in that! It was awfully interesting to watch the men working the enormous wheel. It seemed to me that they never stopped turning it one way or the other. The pilot informed me that for the fifteen miles below Albany the ship requires the deftest handling in consequence of shoal water and shifting currents. At this portion of the passage four men are attached to the wheel, while the pilot, with his night-glass to his eyes, issues orders with such rapidity as to compel his subordinates to stretch every muscle in order to be enabled to obey him. After an awfully nice chat with Mr. Hayford, I turned into my club-like state-room; and I've a very strong notion to write to the *Times* and tell Merrie England that she is about half a century behind her time as regards the comforts and accommodation of travel.

## THAT DOG NEXT DOOR.

By R. J. DE CORDOVA.

### CHAPTER XII.—DELIVERANCE.

**I**T was painfully clear that our attempt to cat the old bachelor out of the neighborhood was a complete and most mortifying failure, and that our labor, anxiety and expense had resulted only in our contributing to the happiness and comfort of the man whom we hated, by furnishing him with an idea which would add to his enjoyment while it would increase our misery. We were now to have the noise of cats in addition to that of the dog. We even regarded with contempt Mr. Pimpin, as the author of the scheme which we had so greatly applauded a day or two before. It is the nature of ordinary men to seek a scapegoat on which to cast their sins or follies which result disastrously.

For myself, I was so crestfallen and melancholy, that I had not even the courage to rebuke Mrs. Pilliwig for her "suggestion," made as she was gathering up the kettle, the poker, the musical instruments and the other *débris* of our inconsequential attempt, "Would you allow me to suggest, sir, that, instead of hanging the basket of cats out at the window, you had ought to have hung the old villain himself, sir?"

O'Dundrum, especially, was furious. I do not remember having ever seen a more angry man than he was, when he had carried the basket out into the middle of the street and was cutting away the canvas covering to release the unfortunate animals whose internecine war that night had been waged in our lost cause. He declared that he had stood thin thing long enough and would not stand it any longer. He would go to that house to-morrow morning, armed with a revolver, and he would shoot that dog. Yes, and if his miserable owner interfered to prevent or obstruct this act of retributive justice, he must take the consequences; for, by jabers! if Mr. Van Bopf interfered, he would shoot Mr. Van Bopf himself. Things had gone far enough, and he (O'Dundrum) was determined that they should not go any further.

O'Dundrum's resolution was highly commended by all of us (including Mrs. Pilliwig), with the exception of the Rev. Dr. Toaster, who denounced the idea of shedding human blood. He declared that he would lift up his voice against anything that went beyond the destruction of the dog, which, in itself, was sufficiently wicked and sinful. Indeed, he delivered to us quite a little sermon, calling solemnly on O'Dundrum to remember that homicide was expressly forbidden in the Decalogue.

To this O'Dundrum, who was in too great a rage to be reasonable, shamefully replied that Mr. Van Bopf was committing homicide on us nightly and by inches. And he remarked, pertinently, "This dog is killing Mrs. O'Dundrum and the twins; and is the life of a miserable dog, or even the life of a brutal, bear-swilling monster like this Van Bopf, to be weighed in the scale against the life of Mrs. O'Dundrum and the two little O'Dundrums?"

Our Hibernian friend, however, though loud and blustering in his talk, was a brave but kindhearted man, who would no more have thought of shooting a fellow-creature than of picking his pocket. We certainly expected that he and Mr. Van Bopf would come to high words, and, perhaps, even to blows; in contemplating which latter contingency we pitied, in anticipation, the plight in which Mr. Van Bopf would find himself after O'Dundrum had quite done with him. And it was with intense interest that while, with bolster-stopped ears, that night, we vainly attempted to shut out the noise made by the dog next door, we followed the example of Sir John Moore's friends, and "silently thought of the morrow."

Precisely at nine o'clock next morning, O'Dundrum, armed with a revolver, and accompanied by me (I thought it well to be with him, in order to act as a "moderator," if necessary), presented himself at Mr. Van Bopf's front door, and rang the bell. Nobody answered. O'Dundrum rang and rang again repeatedly, but no person appeared. I began to think that Mr. Van Bopf must have had an idea of approaching danger, and had ordered the servant not to open the door. At length, O'Dundrum, very much excited, pulled at the bell so violently that the handle came off in his hand. He then took to hammering on the door with the butt of his pistol, which led to the occupation of all the windows in the vicinity by deeply interested spectators. Still nobody answered the summons. The door was locked and double-locked, and the house was, in effect, like a beleaguered and well-provisioned fortress which was not going to give in on any terms.

At length, the policeman on the beat, attracted by the noise, came up and inquired of Mr. O'Dundrum if he desired to see Mr. Van Bopf.

"Well, not exactly him," answered Mr. O'Dundrum; "though, to speak the truth, I don't much

care whether I see him or not. It's somebody else in this house I'm wanting."

"Is it the servant you wish to see?" inquired the policeman.

"No, nor the servant either," answered O'Dundrum, testily. "It's the dog I've called to see. I want to have only just one sight of that dog."

"You won't see him nor his master, to-day," rejoined the officer. "They're all gone away: the old man, the servant and the dog. Don't you see the shutters are up? The officer that I relieved this morning told me they had all gone. They left at about seven o'clock this morning."

O'Dundrum exclaimed, "What! gone? Is the dog gone?"

I, with equal enthusiasm, cried, "The dog gone?" and I seized the hand of the policeman and shook it heartily. O'Dundrum embraced—I might say hugged—that noble man. After which first outburst of joy we severally scampered away to carry the happy news to all our friends. As for me, in my excitement, I fear that I must have been regarded by the people in the street as crazy. What other opinion, indeed, could be formed of a gentleman running through the street, waving his hat and proclaiming at the top of his voice, "He's gone! the dog is gone! Hurrah! we shall sleep now. He's gone!" Now that I am writing this true history, I feel really ashamed of my behavior on that memorable day.

### CHAPTER XIII.—REJOICINGS.

**I** REMEMBER the rejoicings in the City of New York when the first cable was laid between Europe and America. I have a distinct recollection of the festivities to which our intelligent people gave themselves up on the several occasions of the visits with which the Daimios of Japan and the Prince of Wales deigned to honor the United States in general, and the City of New York in particular. Never shall I forget the happiness of all the nation when the Civil War came to an end. And yet, I may venture to say, without detracting from either the patriotism or the good taste of my friends and neighbors, that the public satisfaction on those great occasions was as nothing in comparison with the unbounded gladness and gratitude which pervaded both our streets when the intelligence was diffused among us, with almost the suddenness of an electric shock, that the dog was gone. Every man grasped his neighbor's hand in joy which was for the moment speechless, because it was too big for words. We had triumphed. Let any prejudiced person disguise the fact as he might, it was clear that our serenade of the previous night had been too much for Mr. Van Bopf. Our streets were like a beleaguered city whose forlorn hope had made a successful sortie and driven the insolent invader from the field. We could now sleep in peace—our wives, our children, our servants, and our canary-birds.

Chodder danced about his parlor in an ecstasy of delight, and Mrs. Chodder was so grateful for our deliverance that she disdained to scold her husband for overturning the centre table in his mad career and breaking the ornaments. O'Dundrum invited us at once to partake of a basket of champagne, and he had the twins photographed that same afternoon.

The Rev. Dr. Toaster shut himself up in his closet for one hour by the clock, for special thanksgiving, and delivered a most eloquent sermon on the subject at family prayers that evening. Pimpin sent a box of the choicest sardines to the house of every one of us, and he did not go down to business that day.

In fine, we were all well-nigh beside ourselves with joy. That night we slept like tops—Japanese tops which sleep for a longer time continuously than tops of any other kind. We went to bed at nine p. m., and did not rise before nine a. m. on the following day—on the principle of sailors who, returned from a three years' whaling cruise in ships conducted on total abstinence principles, make themselves frightfully drunk directly they reach the shore. Oh! but we were happy; and when the Rev. Dr. Toaster admonished us that we "should regard the dog as a temporary trial, inflicted on us for a wise purpose, which it was our duty to improve," we somehow felt, with reference to the serenade of the night before, that we had improved it amazingly.

### CHAPTER XIV.—MY GRAND CONCERT WITH AN INHARMONIOUS TERMINATION.

**I**FELT constrained to adopt Mrs. Pilliwig's suggestion that I should give a party. All my friends had given entertainments of some kind or other and it would look stingy on my part if I did not likewise do something.

I bethought me of a musical *soirée*. Ice cream, cakes and champagne; or, say with oysters and boned turkey for a beginning, would cover the expense. And then a "musical *soirée*" sounds well. It has an aesthetic ring to it, besides which whist-parties, dinners and balls suddenly strike you with an air of vulgarity. Let us, I thought, go in for economy and aesthetics.

Again, having repeatedly played on the trombone at the musical parties of my friends, I felt that I had some right to request them to play at mine. I accordingly arranged the matter to my great satisfaction, and issued cards for a Monday evening, when quite a distinguished company of amateurs gathered together beneath my roof. Monsieur Pasduton, whom I had frequently met at Pimpin's, was the first violin.

The evening at length arrived—memorable to all of us as marking the expiration of exactly three months since our deliverance from the Van Bopf nuisance next door.

We were to open at nine o'clock with the grand septet of the eminent Dummeryung, op. 349, Anno Domini 1753, and twenty-four pages long in each part. Pasduton, first violin; Tiefenhauzer, second violin; Creasy, flute; Collybaugh, cornet; Chodder, clarinet; Criscox, cello. The trombone was, as a matter of course, played by me. A curious combination, the reader will probably call this; but it must be remembered that the great Dummeryung wrote only the "music of the future," and it clearly was not his fault if the desired future had not yet arrived.

A great deal of time was lost in getting ready. There appeared to be the utmost difficulty in securing the "A." Some had it; others were trying to get it, and others could not get it at all. Then when all had succeeded in getting it, it was found that the musical "A" was very like the literal "A" in the English language—namely, having different sounds under different circumstances. At length, when the rebellious "A" had been secured and pinned down, so to speak, into conformity with Chodder's tuning-fork, and we were all ready to begin, the second violin said that it must be owing to the state of the atmosphere, but his "E" string was stretching all the time, and there was a fearful twang, twang, twanging to get that right; a delay of which the first violin and cello took advantage to go up-stairs to their boxes in the cloak-room to fetch their rosin, which they had forgotten.

At length we started, and played the whole twenty-four pages through to the end; and the company, who thought that it must have been very fine because they could not understand it, applauded it vociferously (not an uncommon thing, by-the-way, at amateur parties). I observed that many of the friends present were so polite as to wake up to applaud.

The performers of the septet, however, appeared to entertain diverse opinions concerning the excellence of the execution. Criscox, who had played the cello, privately informed some of his friends who were present that the piece was murdered because the first violin was out of tune, the second violin was false throughout, the flute was too sharp, the clarinet was, as Criscox expressed it, "all over the place," and the trombone was execrable.

The next piece was to be a vocal duet. "Tel rammenti!" by Campana. Miss Piddibinger, soprano. Mr. Squally Sluffer, tenor. But just as these two distinguished amateurs were about to commence, and Mr. Pimpin, who was to accompany them, was performing preliminary gymnastics up and down the keys of the piano, while Mr. Sluffer was hemming to clear his throat, and adjusting his necktie to the proper poetic standard, and all that sort of well-known amateur business (real artists never do it), Mrs. Pilliwig, big with a suggestion, beckoned me to the parlor-door. I would not, at that moment, have taken any notice of her but that she was very pale and her countenance plainly betokened that something had gone wrong. I crossed the room and accosted her. Her words struck me with a cold shiver, and made me deadly pale also.

"If you will allow me to suggest, sir," gasped Mrs. Pilliwig, "the grocer's boy has just been in and he's told me, sir, grinning like a little fool all the time he was a sayin' of it" (and here she grew very solemn) "that there's a light—in the second floor bedroom—next—next door, sir."

"Merciful goodness!" I exclaimed. But there was no time then for parley, as the duet was at length commencing. Alas! it was destined to other accompaniment than that of Mr. Pimpin on the piano. The performers began somewhat in this style, the piece being converted from a duet into a trio.

Miss Piddibinger and Mr. Sluffer:

"Tel rammenti in notte stiva,  
Guardavammo entrambi il cielo."

*The Dog next Door*—"Wooooow! Bow-wow; bow-wow; wooooow!"

My neighbors, all as pale as I was, instinctively cast their eyes on me, as they heard the unforgettable warning sound. Another sort of music or discord was beginning under the very windows of the room in which the aesthetic *soirée* was being held. The lights waned before me; and, but for the wall against which I was leaning, I must have fallen.

Miss Piddibinger and Mr. Sluffer:

"Che di pure in si copriva  
In gemmato azuro vol."

*The Dog next Door*—"Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow!"

We could hear the sashes throughout the neighborhood being thrown open, and Mrs. Chodder fainted. I saw her head fall backwards and her face was deathlike in its pallor. The Rev. Dr. Toaster rose and hurriedly left the room.

Miss Piddibinger:

"In suo corso."

*The Dog next Door*—"Bow-wow, bow-wow."

Mr. Sluffer:

"Altera stella."

*The Dog next Door*—"Bow-wow-wow-wow."

Miss Piddibinger looked round at me, deprecatingly, as if I could help it. Mr. Squally Sluffer grew red in the face, and blundered in his part. Mr. Pimpin, in his agony of mind, was playing all sorts of things except the right accompaniment. All three, however, made a further heroic effort.

Miss Piddibinger and Mr. Sluffer:

"Ti parlat d'amore e quella."

*The Dog next Door*—"Bow-wow. Wow-wow-wow-wow."

Miss Piddibinger and Mr. Sluffer:

"Stavilando dispari."

*The Dog next Door*—"Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow."

In short, the barking had now become terrific. To continue the concert was impossible, for Chodder had now perceived the condition of his wife, and the excitement among the company was intense. The duet was suspended, and everything was in confusion. The musical *soirée* was a failure—a *fiasco*—and the amateurs, and especially those who had brought great rolls of music with them, and had not yet done anything in the way of playing or singing, were so evidently chagrined, that I wondered afterwards how they managed to take so kindly to the champagne.

### CHAPTER XV.—STERRIX'S BRILLIANT INSPIRATION.

MR. VAN BOPF had not gone away for good, as a boy's pocket-money does, but had come back like a bad penny, and we, his neighbors, were plunged again into misery.

But at length, and after weeks of suffering and tribulation, relief came to us from a quarter whence we least expected it. Sterrix, whom we never suspected of being a prophet in his own or any other country, had a brilliant inspiration.

Ill, dyspeptic and morose from the want of sleep, and driven to desperation by the moral certainty constantly present to my mind that, like a young cinnamon-tree, I was being literally "barked" to a premature death, I was at length driven by depressed spirits to so demoralizing an opiate as the listening to Major Cutch's reiterated stories of his battles in the Mexican War.

I never had much opinion of the major's military talent, for the reason that, on three several occasions, when an alarm was sounded to the effect that Mr. Van Bopf's dog was loose in the street, we could have caught him—I say advisedly that we positively could have caught him—but for the operations of Major Cutch. On our all running out to capture the beast, the Major would obstruct our proceedings by calling out that we never would bag the enemy unless we did the thing regularly.

He would take the command.

Accordingly, he would post two of us here, two there, and two somewhere else, with orders not to move on the dog till he gave the word:—the most ridiculous thing possible, since the dog invariably trotted off past our stations and entered the area of his master's house while the Major on the high "stoop" near by would be waiting for the precise moment to give us the order to "charge."

Then, on the escape of the dog, the major would fly into a terrible fury, and declare that the victory would have been won if Chodder had come up at the right moment, or if Pimpin had not moved to the right flank instead of the left, as had been ordered. Complete "rot" and nonsense, all of it. We could have caught the dog every time if Major Cutch had remained at home.

However, in my then moody condition of spirits and feeble health, I occasionally called on the Major, and listened dreamily to his disquisitions on what he called "scientific warfare." They were very old and commonplace; yet they somehow lulled my nerves into quietness, and I sat soberly gazing into vacancy while the Major supposed that I was listening to him.

At length, one evening, the Major, in the course of his wholesale condemnation of the "very ordinary men" who had risen to distinction in the Civil War, while he (Cutch), who knew more of the art of war than all of them put together, was suffered to remain only a Major, expressed the following learned axiom:

"The way, sir," said Major Cutch, "and the only way, to attempt the destruction of your enemy is, first and before everything, to discover his weak point."

This idea immediately took possession of me. I had heard and read the same platitude a thousand times, but it had never before struck me with its present force.

I immediately hurried to O'Dundrum's—where I knew that our friends were to assemble that evening—taking Major Cutch with me. During our brief walk to No. 15 Forty-sixth Street, I never ceased repeating to myself, in order that I might not forget it, the Major's axiom: "Discover the enemy's weak point."

I rushed into the parlor where my friends were discussing the weather. "For mercy's sake," I exclaimed, "what is Van Bopf's weak point?"

"I should say it was dogs," answered O'Dundrum.

"I would rather say cats," said Chodder.

"Nay; but ungodliness, malice, and vexation of spirit," observed the Rev. Dr. Toaster.

"Nothing of the sort," exclaimed Sterrix. "In those disgusting quadrupeds lies his strength. His weak point is women. But why do you wish to know it?"

"Nothing. I have no reason for asking," I responded. "In the condition to which that dog has reduced me, I have no reason for anything I say or do."

"By Jupiter!" then cried

suddenly, the locomotives jumped the track, and carried with them the baggage car, compartment coach and three passenger cars, all of which were completely wrecked.

A worse place could not have been selected for an accident. There was not a dwelling-house within less than five minutes' walk over a bad road. The telegraph station was the same distance. There was, therefore, no chance to take in the wounded and care for them in warm rooms. It is known that at least two died from exposure of their wounds to the cold. The telegraph operators were, however, equal to the emergency. Two men who had been down to the race were on the train and had their instruments with them. As soon as they got out of the wreck they climbed up a telegraph pole, cut a wire, drew it down, and splicing it to the instruments, at once opened communication with Boston, and sat there in the open air all night sending messages for the railroad company and for those who wanted to allay the fears of anxious relatives.

Intelligence of the disaster reached Boston at about eight o'clock, nearly an hour after it occurred. Thousands of people at once flocked to the Old Colony Depot, and relief of all kinds was hastened to the scene. At 11:30 the first train reached the depot, bearing the bodies of nine dead victims, besides many of the injured, the former being at once removed to their homes when identified or left in the station, and the latter being sent to the City Hospital.

At last accounts there were twenty-five passengers reported dead, including Reagan, the coppersmith, and over a hundred more or less injured.

The cause of the disaster is explained by the statement of Charles Westgate, the engineer of the leading locomotive on the wrecked train. He escaped without injury, and says that after leaving Wallaston Station, while traveling at the rate of twenty miles per hour, and when about a quarter of a mile this side of Wallaston, he saw, about three hundred yards ahead, a freight car on the train running on to the main track from the siding, and he instantly whistled "Down brakes" and reversed his engine. He and his fireman, Dennison, remained upon the engine, and when it struck the car both men were thrown off, Dennison being badly scalded. Westgate claims that he did all in his power to stop the train, but that he had the right of way, and as the switch was all right he did not expect to see a freight car so suddenly emerge from the siding, which is seldom used.

On the Old Colony Railroad all trains run to the left, instead of to the right, as is the custom on other roads, and the freight car was being switched upon the right track and had nearly crossed when the accident occurred.

#### GATHERING CLOTHING FOR YELLOW FEVER SUFFERERS.

THE praiseworthy enterprise of collecting clothing for the yellow fever sufferers, suggested by leading philanthropists of this city, was carried out on October 9th. The headquarters of the committee having the matter in hand were at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. From there all day empty wagons and trucks were moving, to return in a few hours heavily loaded with bundles of clothing and bedding. The vehicles were in number about thirty, furnished by A. T. Stewart & Co., E. S. Jaffray & Co., Adams Express Company, Herring & Co., F. W. Devos & Co., Halstead, Haines & Co., Lang & Robinson, A. S. Barnes & Co., and other firms. American District Telegraph boys were sent half a block in advance of the wagons to the houses which the committee intended to visit, for the purpose of giving timely notice, in order that there might be no delay when the wagons arrived. Each wagon was in charge of a member of the committee, and two or more aids. The city was very thoroughly canvassed in the cross-streets, from Fourth to Thirty-fourth Streets. The collectors always exhibited their credentials, signed and sealed, authorizing them to receive the goods. The contributions were first taken to the Twenty-third Street headquarters, and thence to the office of Angell & Co., whence they will be shipped South. The enthusiasm in giving was great, and there were touching as well as amusing incidents. As one of the wagons was passing through Ninth Street, shouts were heard behind it, and the committee men, looking back, saw a little man frantically waving a bifurcated garment, and running with all his might. It appeared that he had seen the wagon pass and had learned its mission. Thereupon he befoothed him of an old pair of trowsers that had been much sat upon, and straightway fell to putting a patch over the hole. One poor old lady, first assuring herself by a close scrutiny of the credentials that she was not being cheated, brought forth one old Balmoral skirt, which she said was all she had to give, but that it went with her whole heart. In very many places careful examination was made of the papers, and then bundles, nicely tied up, with memoranda of contents pasted on the outside, were given. Poor people seemed to give as freely in proportion as the rich.

The first day's contributions amounted to about 4,500 cubic feet of miscellaneous articles, collected from door to door, and 2,000 garments from A. T. Stewart & Co. It was a curious sight to look at the piles of articles in the room in the Association Building. There were blankets, bedding, mattresses, worsted shawls, clothing, shoes, boots, felt hats, straw hats, high hats and low hats. Everybody worked with smiles of satisfaction. The work of collection was continued until the entire city from Fourth Street to Central Park had been visited.

Hitherto the greater portion of the clothing and other supplies furnished from this and other Northern cities has been sent to New Orleans, where the destitution has been greatest. We give on page 128 illustrations of the headquarters of the Peabody Relief Association in that city, and of the method by which the needy are equipped with clothing.

#### An Irish Romance.

CONTINENTAL travelers of twenty or thirty years ago, especially if they deserted the beaten highways, must have often met a strange triad tramping along the dreary, hedgeless roads of Germany, the flat heaths of Denmark, or amid the terraced vineyards and olive-gardens of France or Italy. They consisted at first of a gentleman and two ladies, roughly clad, but substantially, and speaking the English tongue with the full-flavored Dublin brogue. After some years the little party of pedestrians was reduced to two—the old gentleman and a young lady. But still they were indefatigable. Sometimes they might be met knee-deep among Alpine snow, or dust-covered in the plains of Lombardy or in the vicinity of some of the quaint old University towns. The little party of peripatetic scholars con-

sisted of Dr. James Henry, of Dublin, his wife and daughter; and in this manner they wandered for twelve years over Europe, intent on one thing alone, and that was the comparison of the text of Virgil in manuscripts and old editions. Dr. Henry had been a physician in his native city, and was never liked by his brother-practitioners, owing to his skeptical views, which finally culminated in intense horror when the cynical doctor declared that the opinion of no physician in the world was worth a guinea, and actually gave force to these heretical sentiments by refusing to take more than five shillings for his advice. Soon after he inherited a fortune, and henceforth devoted himself, aided by his wife and daughter, to his great commentary on Virgil. In a few years the triad was lessened by the death of Mrs. Henry, but still the old scholar and his devoted daughter continued their unweary search for some ill-collated manuscript of Virgil's "Aeneid," or for some rare edition or commentator. His wife's body the doctor cremated and preserved, and until his daughter's death he spent his life in musty libraries and on little-known roads. The unweary commentator is now dead, the last of his little band.

#### Chinese Oysters.

LIKE so many peculiar things in the Celestial Empire, the system of breeding the above-named bivalve differs widely from that pursued in Europe and America. In the southern parts of China "collectors" of bamboo are placed in the oyster-beds, much after the same fashion as the elaborate tiers and "hives" employed in France. Those oyster-catchers are, however, prepared in a curious manner. The cans are exposed for about two months to the rays of the sun, and then placed for a similar period in salt water, after which they are again dried for several days, the object being to preserve them from decay and prevent the twisting or warping of the bamboo. Notches are then cut in the cans, into which empty oyster shells are fixed, like so many cups, and, thus prepared, they are driven into the seashore between high and low water mark, and left standing to catch the young spat. Those localities are considered the best where the rise and fall of the tide is the greatest, so that the bivalves may be alternately covered by the flood and exposed to air on the ebb. There the young oysters thrive well and develop rapidly, and are quite ready for the market when they are two years old. A large trade is carried on by the persons who pursue the calling, and who have many thousands of these collectors planted in favorable situations, and some successful breeders have been known to realize large fortunes. In China large quantities of the oyster are dried instead of being eaten in a fresh state. For that purpose they are taken from the shells, simply plunged into boiling water, and then removed at once, after which process they are exposed to the rays of the sun until every particle of moisture has evaporated. In that state they will keep for a length of time, and are said to preserve all the delicacy of their flavor. The finest and fattest bivalves, bred and fed on the leaves and cuttings of the bamboo, are selected for preparation by that method, those taken from the natural beds being inferior in quality.

#### Public Improvements in France.

A MARVELOUS example of practical French statesmanship is now exciting widespread wonder and discussion. Under a recent decree of the Republican Assembly, acquiesced in by the other parties, all the embarrassed railroads of France have come under Government control; but not content with this, the Minister of Public Works, M. Freycinet, has projected a system of public improvements to be paid out of the public treasury, of enormous magnitude. His programmes involve an expenditure equal to one billion of dollars in ten years—the money to be raised by a new loan, part of which has been placed on the market, and instantly subscribed by the people. Besides the purchase of 1,600 kilometres of railway belonging to embarrassed companies, he has set about the construction of 1,000 more kilometres of railway at government expense. Marseilles is to have two new harbors, new docks, and enlarged railway station, and a canal connecting the Rhone with the sea. These projects will cost 125,000,000 francs. In addition, 30,000 hectares of land, called the Camarque, are to be reclaimed at a cost of 30,000,000 francs. Rouen is to have a new railway station and a stone bridge; Havre a couple of docks; Honfleur, Fecamp, and Saint Valery new harbors. These undertakings will cost about 40,000,000 francs. Dieppe is to have new docks, which will cost 12,000,000 francs. In a word, M. de Freycinet, the French Minister of Public Works, contemplates spending on public works 500,000,000 francs annually during ten years, equal to five billions of francs.

#### Education in Portugal.

THAT which is called superior instruction is naturally much more developed in Portugal than primary education is. In most Latin countries the same curious phenomenon is to be observed. It seems, too, like beginning at the wrong end, but so it is, and it can not be helped. While the country exhibits evidence of a refined and wide-spread culture in music, in literature, in the sciences, it does not show peasants who can read and write in anything like the proportion which one is justified in expecting of it. In the whole country there are at present but 2,000 primary schools, and this is an increase of 50 per cent. in twenty-two years only. Primary instruction is now gratuitous and obligatory in Portugal, and it is divided into two grand categories, "elementary" and "complimentary." The exercises of the scholars, shown at the Paris Exposition, indicate an almost precocious aptitude, which gradually falls away as the years advance. The Island of Madeira sends a very interesting collection of the works of the pupils of a school for girls, founded at Funchal by a private individual. The school-houses for children are well constructed, judging from the models shown here, and are thoroughly furnished and ventilated. It was a godsend to Portugal that public instruction was rescued from the hands of the clergy and secularized. If it had not been, the country would have sunk completely out of sight. As it is, Portugal stands in an attitude far preferable to that of Spain, and when it has succeeded in getting the standard of intelligence among the lower classes somewhat improved, can afford to boast.

#### A Land without a Printing Press.

A BRITISH consular report from Persia states that almost every child in that country is taught to read and write. The Koran is the text-book. But as there are no books in the Persian characters ex-

cept manuscript books, the condition of popular intelligence is that of five years ago. When the consul reports no books except manuscript he probably omits the versions of the Bible printed in the Persian characters. That, however, is not printed in Persia, and would not be included among books in general circulation. Few new books are read, the cost of manuscript being too much for popular circulation, and few are written. The Persians adhere in chemistry to the old notion of four elements. In astronomy they are in accord with the colored Virginia preacher, who maintains that the sun moves round the earth. In other sciences, as presented in printed books, their position is the same, although, of course, the highly educated are better taught. In the actual processes of art and manufactures, with samples of Western products before them, they are skillful imitators. In some enviable particulars they are also behind the age. One day's work in the richer agricultural districts will support a man for a week. They have two fashions for clothing—one for Summer and one for Winter. House-doors are left unfastened, and thieves and robbers are scarce. Of course, there are exceptions to this present picture. The yearly earnings of \$25 to \$50 as a sufficient income looks surprising to the toilers in America and Europe, but the mental stagnation which this Arcadian life involves is a condition which reconciles the Western world even to the daily newspaper and the prolific press.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Placing Cleopatra's Needle in Position.

The Egyptian obelisk from Alexandria was placed in its due perpendicular attitude, directly over the pedestal at the river stairs of the Victoria Thames embankment, opposite Adelphi Terrace, on September 12th. Two large earthenware jugs were inclosed in the core of the obelisk's pedestal and supports and covered by the monolith's base, and in these were deposited the usual variety of articles sealed in boxes at corner-stone laying. It has cost about \$75,000 to take the Needle from its resting-place at Alexandria, convey it to London, construct a pedestal and erect the monolith upon it. Congratulatory telegrams were received by Mr. Wilson, who defrays the expense, and Mr. Dixon, the engineer, who carried out the vast work, from Queen Victoria and the Khedive of Egypt upon the placing of the monolith upon the pedestal.

##### The Tunisian Pavilion, Paris Exhibition.

Among the most interesting of the thousands of attractions at the Paris Exhibition are the works wherein are typified the social and domestic customs of far-away countries. We have seen the ornate interior of the Persian Pavilion, with its sumptuous hangings, princely rugs and inviting divans; the quaint and severely plain Dutch cottage sitting-room; the huge tent erected for the Emperor of Morocco; the encampment of Algerians in front of their pavilion, with cork-cutters, tailors and coffee-makers at work; Turkish shoemakers, Belgian flower-girls, Indian Cashmere-shawl fabricators, Chinese and Japanese representatives at various vocations, and many other purely national, social or industrial displays. This week we give an illustration of the interior of the Tunisian Pavilion, which is a most inviting retreat, with the cushioned divan, loose slippers, tobacco-pipes, coffee-cups and fans, provided for a few moments of repose and refreshment. Travelers certainly may acquire a better knowledge of the little-known countries from spending a few hours among these exhibitions than by studying geographies half their lives.

##### British Landing-place at Baflo, Cyprus.

As previously described, the first representatives of Great Britain who landed on Cyprus, on the occasion of the late occupation, were the sailors and marines of the fleet. These, under the direction of the Duke of Edinburgh, landed all the stores, munitions, and camp materials; so that when the soldiers debarked they found everything in readiness for them to set their tents "to rights." We this week supplement our illustrations of the early scenes of the occupation by one showing the landing-place at Baflo (the Greek Paphos), at the western extremity of the island, with British and Indian soldiers, a few sailors, Greeks, Maltese, and donkeys, apparently in some confusion, and a middle lookout signaling the condition of affairs to his superior officer on the ship in the roadstead.

##### Feeding Cadre Women and Children after the Surrender.

Information has been received from Capetown, South Africa, under date of September 3d, to the effect that the state of affairs in the Transvaal is rather worse. The chiefs Gangalizene, Mantanzima, and Umquileka are assuming an aggressive attitude, and the Zulus everywhere show hostility to the British military operations in the Transvaal. The Kowannas have retreated into the mountains beyond the Orange River. Cetewayo continues to observe an attitude of covert hostility to the English. In the Transvaal some fighting is still going on; Fort Weber and Leydenburg are surrounded by hostile bands, which have hitherto been repelled. Our illustration represents the charitable work of feeding destitute Caffre women and children, great numbers of whom came to headquarters, and to every fort or advanced post, begging relief, since the men of their nation had left them unprovided for in taking the field against the British. Their wants, in every instance where it was practicable, were promptly and liberally supplied.

##### Return of the Finnish Guard to St. Petersburg.

These troops returned to St. Petersburg September 15th; they left the city 4,000 strong; only one-half returned. They were received with enthusiastic applause and hurrahs; wreaths and nosegays were thrown to them by the public. For the arrival of the troops a triumphal arch was erected in one of the chief streets bearing the following inscription: "To the Russian brave and victorious army." At the top, on the chief flag, was inscribed: "To the brave heroes"; while from each side, in the small arches, two shields, one from each side, with the year 1877 and 1878, are visible. At the top, in the middle of the arch, the St. George's Order, with striped ribbon, is to be seen. They were received by the clergy of the chief churches, who, after a short ceremony, congratulated them upon their return.

##### Vesuvius again in Eruption.

Vesuvius has within the last few weeks shown indications of an impending eruption on a grand scale—so much so, indeed, that anxiety is felt for the safety of the villages which surround its base. The view of the interior of the crater is from a sketch made five weeks ago, when the eruption began to assume a more than usually active form. It will be seen that the lava is thrown up from the cone in the centre of the hollow forming the crater, and this being gradually filled up in this manner, the burning ashes threaten to overflow into the country below. Subsequent accounts state that Vesuvius is in a state of partial and intermittent eruption; at the base of the cone are immense fissures, from which flames and lava are issuing. The crater is almost full. The volcanic activity is on the increase, and a cone is forming.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE population of Berlin at the end of July was 1,031,888.

—CREMATION became optional in Gotha on the 1st of October, and a building has been erected for the purpose.

—THE new Government Court House and Post Office at Raleigh, N. C., has just been occupied. It cost \$250,000.

—THREE hundred Icelanders emigrated last month to Canada. In the last three years 1,800 Icelanders have repaired thither.

—A DECREE has been signed prohibiting the manufacture in Paris of any kind of fulminating device intended as a toy for children.

—THE Federal Council of Switzerland has adopted an ordinance making instruction in gymnastics obligatory for all boys in the public schools.

—THE draught of a definite treaty has been submitted by the Russian Ambassador to the Porte, and is now under consideration by the Ottoman Government.

—FROM the eighth place as a wheat State in 1876, Kansas this year jumps to the first place. Her crop of wheat will be over 30,000,000 bushels, and of corn 100,000,000 bushels.

—IN the midst of the deep gloom that over-spreads the South, reports show that the cotton crop was never more promising. There are now no complaints from farmers in any quarter.

—GOLD has been struck in the Magdalena mine shaft, which is the deepest in the colony of Victoria, at a depth of 1,988 feet below the surface. This discovery is causing great excitement in Australia.

—FRANCE has decided to dispatch a very strong fleet to the Mediterranean. The fleet will comprise, besides the smaller vessels, ten broadside ironclads, and will carry 130 guns and 6,000 officers and men.

—FORTY-SEVEN persons own two thirds of the land of Nueces County, Texas. Wilfin Kennedy owns 186,286 acres, valued for taxation at \$94,943, and Richard King owns 188,435, assessed at \$130,127.

—THE Australian aborigines are said to have discovered a new stimulant which is called "pitcherine." It is smoked, chewed, and applied as a plaster behind the ear, a great improvement on snuffing, and has a very exhilarating effect.

—THE most important piece of Roman sculpture ever found in London was lately excavated. It is believed to have formed part of a mausoleum. London was a large city, with a mint and other metropolitan institutions, even in Roman days.

—A SAN FRANCISCO paper says that the convicts in the State Prison have contributed more to the relief of the yellow fever sufferers than the State officers at Sacramento; the newsboys more than the railway offices, and the theatres more than the churches.

—MANY of the reserve men of the British army, who abandoned their occupations and flocked to their standards at the nation's call, are now almost starving, being unable to find work as easily as they left it, and the Government seems to be powerless to help them.

—THE Japanese are the only foreigners allowed to enter Corea, where they are four hundred strong, and have organized a municipality on a European model. The Queen of Corea lately died, and while being the sign of mourning, the Japanese sold off all their English fabrics of that color.

—COMMISSIONERS from the Government of Japan have been visiting Victoria and New South Wales, for the purpose of obtaining information as to the products and manufactures of the country. The principal member of the party, Mr. M. Yokoyama, is an experienced traveler, and speaks and writes English with almost the fluency of a native.

—UP to the year 1865 Russia possessed 8,000 elementary public schools, with 280,000 pupils. That number has now increased to 24,000 (inclusive of the municipal schools), with nearly 1,000,000 pupils; but the number of children between the ages of 7 and 13 is about 12,000,000, so that upwards of 90 per cent. of Russian children remain uneducated.

—THE quantity of tobacco inspected at the thirteen warehouses of Richmond for the tobacco year ending September 30th, was 47,255 hogsheads, 7,957 tierces and 20 uplands. For the year ending September 30th, 1877, the quantity reported was 34,576 hogsheads, 7,987 tierces and 77 uplands. The increase of hogsheads was 12,579. There was a decrease in tierces of 40 and in uplands of 77.

—THE English propose to have a great agricultural fair in 1879, at an expense of \$250,000. It is said that agriculture is declining in Great Britain. The number of cattle, the wheat acreage and other crops are decreasing, and very nearly one-half of the population of the United Kingdom is now dependent for sustenance on imported food. The people hope that an exhibition as proposed will help to revive a drooping business.

—THE projected introduction of opium-culture into Central Africa, against which English philanthropists have warmly protested, seems likely to become an establish fact. The Portuguese Government having made a grant of 50,000 acres of uncultivated State land in Mozambique for the experiment, the agent of company formed for the purpose visited Malwa, India, not long ago, to obtain



A COLLECTING-WAGON ON ITS ROUNDS.



COLLECTING-WAGONS STARTING ON THE ROUND FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.



RECEIVING, ASSORTING AND PACKING CONTRIBUTIONS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMITTEE, Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE ORGANIZED COLLECTION OF SUPPLIES FOR THE YELLOW-FEVER SUFFERERS AT THE SOUTH.—SEE PAGE 127.



DESTITUTE CITIZENS TRYING ON ARTICLES OF CLOTHING.



RECEPTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF STORES AND CLOTHING CONTRIBUTED IN THE NORTHERN STATES.

LOUISIANA.—HEADQUARTERS OF THE PEABODY RELIEF ASSOCIATION AT NEW ORLEANS.—SKETCHED BY B. T. BRUNET.—SEE PAGE 127.



NEW YORK CITY.—AN OVERLOOKED BRANCH OF ART—INTERIOR OF THE WORKSHOP OF AN ITALIAN IMAGE AND FIGURE MAKER ON GRAND STREET.—SEE PAGE 131.

## BY-AND-BY.

**B**E quiet, restless heart! The long light lies  
In gleams of lingering sunshine on the hill;  
The home-bound swallow, twittering as he flies,  
Makes silence seem more still.

The shadows deeper grow, and in the woods  
The air a latent sweetness holds in fee;  
An odor faint of yet unblossomed buds—  
So like, dear heart, to thee.

Far distant in the soft cerulean deep,  
Where the horizon bounds the nether world,  
Great ships becalmed, like brooding birds asleep,  
Lie with white sails loose unfurled.

In peace the day is ended, and the night  
Falls on us both a vail upon the sea;  
Along its bosom come with swift-winged flight  
The gray mists fleetly.

'Oh, anxious heart, how nature speaks! Her power  
How leisurely she uses! How intense  
The infinite peace of her most fruitful hour!  
How soft her influence!

Time hath she for her storms to sweep the main;  
To rock the tree-tops with her winds of wrath;  
To bring forth tempests in the Summer-rain;  
And time for snow she hath!

So, dear, for all thy eager soul desires,  
She keeps sweet times and seasons. In her mood  
Is hid for thee all passion's subtle fires,  
To round thy womanhood.

Cease, then! and in this dewy twilight, move  
As one who asks not whither, cares not why;  
This gift for all who holds still the eternal love—  
God's endless by-and-by.

A SECRET MARRIAGE  
AND  
ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,  
AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES,"  
"WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

## BOOK FIRST.

## A PRINCESS OF TULLE.

## CHAPTER VIII.—A MORNING WALK.

**T**O every one except, perhaps, her cousin, Jack Howard, for whom she entertained a very decided tenderness, Lady Laura Lonsdale was cold, distant, and reserved; yet for this eccentric Mrs. Champion, who had so strangely and unexpectedly become their guest, she manifested from the first warm and ardent sympathy.

She was not strong-minded, but she had a great idea of woman's powers, and of her own in particular; and Dorothea's great mind and ambitious ideas were to her as a revelation of what women might be, of what she herself would like to become, though certainly in another way.

From her youth every one had bowed down to her. She was the earl's eldest daughter, and the earl was the sovereign of all he surveyed. Her mother, a poor weak creature, whose only occupation in life seemed to have been that of annually adding a new member to the noble house of Lonsdale, had been the first to acknowledge her supremacy, and since Lady Westra's death Lady Laura had been queen of the island. Though by nature cold and unsympathizing, she had from the first taken the greatest interest in everything that related to the management of her father's estates, and to the well-being of his tenants. And the latter had long been accustomed to look up to her, if not with love, at least with respect and affection. She went about a great deal amongst the poor upon this small island, which she had grown to look upon as her especial domain; walking into cottages without knocking, and asking, in her imperative way, questions which the good fishwives, perhaps, did not always care to answer, yet which they dared not openly resent.

The doctor, her father's factor, and even the minister, were her slaves. They always consulted her about everything, and dared not do anything in their various departments without first asking her advice. She loved to rule, yet she was always kindhearted and straightforward in everything she did, and these poor ignorant islanders, removed from all contact with the outer world, had learnt to regard her as a superior being, whose keen, shrewd intellect could never lead them astray.

But, though so proud and self-contained, Lady Laura experienced at times a certain longing for sympathy and guidance, which until now no one she had ever met seemed competent to give her. Perhaps this was the reason why she looked up to her English cousin with such admiring eyes. She knew him to be a scamp, and a man who led a fast, godless life about town. But she knew he was clever in worldly matters, and that he possessed a vast and varied experience of what was "right to do" from a mundane point of view; and, though so self-reliant and so clever in all household and business matters, knew perfectly well how ignorant she was of the ways and customs of society, and felt that the opinions of such a man could not but be highly serviceable to her. And doubtless this was also the reason why she took so kindly to this Mrs. Champion, and listened so attentively to all she said.

Mrs. Champion was evidently a woman of the world, a woman who knew both men and things thoroughly. She also belonged to that world of which Laura herself knew so little, and in which it was her ambition one day to play a part; and though she could scarcely agree with all Mrs. Champion's ideas, and was as utterly unable to comprehend her vast mind and noble sentiments as was every one else, she felt that for her, at least, who knew nothing of the world, and who yet longed to rule it, the views of such a woman were, at all events, worth-hearing.

Dorothea, too, was instinctively drawn towards Lady Laura. She saw at once that she possessed a great mind and a vast ambition; but she mistrusted her, and scarcely ever felt quite at ease in her presence, though she was all kindness and affection towards her. Her open nature, that was all heart and impulse, could not sympathize with

the cold reserve of the less enthusiastic and unimpassioned character of Lady Laura.

The day following that on which Dorothea had related the history of her life to Frank happened to be Sunday.

Lord Westra, who was an elder of the Church, and therefore considered it his duty to attend divine service regularly, rose from his bed on that day early enough; and he and his daughter, accompanied by Jack Howard, who in London used to boast at his mess that he never went to church, repaired directly after breakfast to the kirk in the village hard by.

Mrs. Champion had begged the previous night to be excused from going. She did not feel very well, she said, and the wet weather and the dampness of the atmosphere were very bad for her. So she did not get up to breakfast, and remained in her room till late in the afternoon, writing letters to her Italian friends.

Marie never went to church. Though on every other subject she gently gave way to the opinions of Lady Laura, and was entirely submissive to her, in this one thing not even that imperious young lady could persuade her to follow her example. "I was brought up a Catholic," she said, "and no earthly consideration shall ever persuade me to change my religion."

It was a fine dry morning, for a wonder, and as all the children had gone to the kirk with their father and sister, Frank, who had never been but once, when he found the Scotch service a great deal too long and too dull to suit him, asked Marie if she would take a walk by the sea with him, to which she reluctantly consented.

"I wonder if Lady Laura will be angry when she hears that we have gone out together?"

"Angry! Why should she be angry, I should like to know? She and I often take long walks together."

"Ah, but she is so much older than I am. And then she is a lady, and can do what she likes. No one would ever think of criticising her conduct."

"Nonsense, Miss Gautier. As if you were not as much a lady as she is!"

The lovely girl turned pale.

"Ah, if you knew all you would not say that," she murmured; but Frank was too much of a gentleman to pay any attention to words which he believed only her natural modesty prompted her to utter.

Every day he thought he discovered something new to admire in that sweet creature; and that morning, as they strolled together along the shore, he really believed that there could not possibly be such another girl in the whole world. She was not a visionary and an enthusiast like the divine Dorothea, whose spirit soared to heights where his could scarcely follow her; she was, in his eyes, at least, infinitely more beautiful.

The sky was cloudless, and the sea lay blue and tranquil at their feet; it was a truly beautiful day, and Nature seemed to rejoice as it reflected everywhere around them the clear and temperate rays of the sun, which shone high up in the heavens with a brilliancy which, in a less northern country, would have been blinding to the eyes.

Marie was in high spirits, and her lovely face beamed with smiles. It was evident to him that she felt happy in his company, and that to her his conversation—which he well knew Dorothea would have considered frivolous and commonplace—was highly interesting and engrossing.

He loved her. He could not disguise the fact; but he was afraid of betraying himself to her, for he well knew that any thing like love between them would be incompatible with the world's "ideas."

So he talked to her on various subjects which he believed to be innocent enough, yet throwing such passion into his words, and bestowing such loving looks upon her all the time, that a much less quick-sighted woman than Marie could not but have seen what was passing through his mind.

The poor French girl loved this handsome and fair young stranger; she loved him with all the ardor of a first love; but she, too, knew the great difference in their worldly position, and she tried her best to smother within her the passion which he had so easily awakened in her young heart.

Any other woman, perhaps, in her position, would have tried her best to captivate the wealthy Master of Rollingford, over whom she felt she already exercised such a strong influence. But Marie seemed above the worldly desires of her sex; and the very fact of his being the only son of a peer, and the heir to one of the finest estates in England, caused her to try all the more to hide her feelings, and, if possible, even to conquer them. But this was beyond her, and the more she tried to disguise her love for him, the more the love with which she inspired him seemed to increase.

They had walked a long way, and were returning towards the castle by a short cut across the fields, when, seized by some strange idea, she asked him:

"Tell me, Monsieur Reymond, have you long known this friend of yours, Captain Howard?"

Frank was at first astonished at her unexpected question; but the way in which she had addressed him seemed to him irresistible—his name sounded so soft and sweet from her lovely lips.

"Yes," he answered, "I have known him for some time; he is a great deal older than I am, but he is a frequent visitor at my father's house, and we are rather intimate."

Marie walked on in silence for some moments.

"I do not know why," she said, after a time, "but somehow or other I mistrust that man. He is very fast, is he not?"

"Fast! Well, yes, perhaps; but certainly not more so than most men. He has seen a great deal of life, and gone the pace, as we used to say at the 'Varsity'; yet he is a good-natured fellow, and would do any one a kind turn if he could."

"You may be right, of course. What can I know of fashionable men? Yet his dark face and strongly marked features put one so dreadfully in mind of a bird of prey. Did you ever see Captain Bravo?"

"Captain Bravo!—that fellow who broke the bank at Homburg, and was afterwards found out cheating at cards at some club or other in Paris? No. But pray how came you to know anything about him? I thought you were from the country, and had never mixed in society."

The pretty face of the French girl flushed scarlet. It was clear that in a moment of excitement she had been betrayed into alluding to something she evidently wished to keep secret.

"I have seen him once," she said, hurriedly, trying to hide her confusion. "Some one pointed him out to me one day in the Bois at Paris. That is all I know about him."

Frank looked at her in astonishment.

"And why do you mention him now?"

"Oh, nothing!—only, strange to say, this friend of yours, Captain Howard, put me in mind of him; but of course the two men must be very different, though they are so much alike."

"You think, then, that my friend resembles this famous cheat?"

"Yes; perhaps more in the cold cynical expression of his face and in the gleam of his eyes than in mere features. It may be silly of me, but I do not like those eyes nor their expression; it is that of a wicked and depraved nature, believe me!"

Frank laughed. What could an innocent inexperienced girl like this know of men's natures? He turned the conversation, and Marie was only too glad to make him forget what she had said. Soon afterwards they reached the castle, and parted at the door.

## CHAPTER IX.—DOROTHEA'S RELIGION.

**T**HIS service at the kirk at Westra was a very long one, the two services being thrown into one on account of the long distance some of the people had to come to it, and it was late in the afternoon when Lady Laura and the children returned to Inganess Castle.

Luncheon was always served in the dining-room at two o'clock except on Sundays, when instead of a regular luncheon a sort of high tea with cold meats and hot scones was served in the drawing-room, of which all the family partook, including the children, who usually had their dinner earlier in the day in their schoolroom.

At four o'clock, therefore, they were all assembled in the drawing-room; and, as was but natural, the conversation, which was general, ran on religious topics.

Lady Laura, as we have already had occasion to see, was a staunch adherent of the Scotch Church, and firmly believed it superior to all others. She was, therefore, rather annoyed with her friends for not having gone with her to the kirk, and especially so with Marie, who, according to her ideas, was bound to obey her in all things on account of her dependent position.

"I suppose you Catholics," she said, in rather a supercilious manner, "consider yourselves so very superior, that you would think it wrong to attend divine worship in any church but your own?"

Marie's face flushed, for she felt that these words were addressed to her in particular.

"No, Lady Laura," she replied, "I do not think it wrong to go to a Protestant church; only as it is not my church, I feel that I would rather not attend it, but prefer praying in my own room."

"So you have been praying, Marie! Ah, perhaps you have been praying for us! I dare say you consider us hopelessly lost, and pray to the Virgin daily that we may be converted."

"Perverted you mean, Cousin Laura," Jack Howard exclaimed, laughingly. "But, of course," he added, "mademoiselle thinks that her church is the only true church, and, therefore, it is quite natural that she should wish to see us all Roman Catholics."

"Yes, I dare say, and shut up in convents and monasteries," Lord Westra said, with his strong Scotch accent, and a sneering laugh.

"What are convents and monasteries, Laura dear?" little Lord Inganess asked of his sister.

"Abominations of the Church of Rome, my dear, of which the less you know the better," she answered coldly, casting another angry glance towards the poor French girl.

Marie's eyes were dimmed with tears. It was easy to see that she was very sensitive on the subject of her religion.

"Ah, you may laugh at nuns and monks if you like," she said, drying the tears that had risen unbidden to her eyes; "but where else could poor unhappy creatures find such a safe refuge from the world and all its sins and temptation? Ah, wait till you have suffered and known what misery is, you won't be so hard then on those who seek in the cloisters of a holy house for the comfort which the hard, cruel, indifferent world denies them. I have not enough vocation to become a nun—would to God I had! But I have known what sorrow is, and I can well imagine what prompts women to take the veil and enter the house of God to devote themselves to His service until it pleases Him to call them away."

Her voice was so full of pathos that the excitable Dorothea was moved.

"I shall ever be the last person in the world to stand up for the doctrines of the Church of Rome," she said, speaking with great earnestness and feeling; "but yet I can very well imagine that there are plenty of women, and men, too, who, not being strong enough to bear the troubles of life, are glad to seek a refuge from the world they are unable to confront within the walls of a religious house. For these poor creatures the arms of the Church of Rome are ever opened if they will only conform blindly to all her percepts, and will confide their consciences into her keeping."

Lady Laura looked up at her not a little surprised, for she was certainly the last person in the world from whom one would have expected to hear the defense of monastic institutions.

"Surely you are not a Roman Catholic yourself, Mrs. Champion?" she said.

Dorothea smiled.

"No, certainly not," she replied. "I consider that we are sent into this world to work, not to be idle, and that it is far nobler to bear our own burdens than to cast them on others. To bear our fate is to conquer it. But, alas, all are not like me! Many people in this world are but children still, and need the care of a tender mother to guide and sustain them. For such the Church of Rome is a true mother; and, though she may have many faults, her children would be unwise, and even wicked, to disbelieve in her powers of consolation; but, as I said before, I am none of these."

"May I ask you, Mrs. Champion, to what church you belong?" said Frank, rising and taking a seat near her.

"I belong to no particular church," she answered. "My father was a Protestant, my mother a Catholic; I know the good and the evil there is in both religions, but I myself do not belong to either."

When Frank and Dorothea found themselves alone later on in the evening, he approached her, and said:

"I cannot tell you how I admire your sentiments, but I am afraid you have disgusted Lord Westra. These old Scotch people cannot enter into any new train of thought; they have been brought up with one idea, and they will never be able to receive any other. No good ever came of religious discussion, believe me, Mrs. Champion. I found that out long ago when at Cambridge. If I were you I would never speak again on that subject to our friends here."

"You may be right, yet my heart bleeds to see such ignorance. They cannot understand that it is their own vision which is limited, and that God's Word is writ for all time, is consequently capable of intimate expansion; and that as men's minds widen to perceive the deep interior truths it contains, so will these truths, which are now hidden from their sight, open out before them. But I shall take your advice, and speak no more while in this house about religion. To try and teach them the greatness of the universe! Bah! Pouring the vast Atlantic through a straw were wisdom to such madness. But you, Reymond, understand me, so I care but little what the rest think of me."

## CHAPTER X.—DEPARTURE FROM WESTRA.

**C**OLONEL CHAMPION returned in a few days, after having made all the necessary arrangements for the repair of his yacht, and he proposed that they should not trespass any longer on the kind hospitality of Lord Westra, but should proceed at once by the little steamer from Kirkwall across to the mainland of Scotland, whence it would be easier for them to continue their journey towards Italy.

Dorothea, whose sole desire was to get to her beloved Italy as soon as possible, was enchanted with the idea, but as she scarcely wanted to part from her new friends so suddenly, she suggested that they might accompany her and her husband as far as Caithness.

The Champions were going on a visit to Lady Forsinard, at Broila Castle—in fact, they were on their way there when the yacht had come to grief and they had lately received several letters from that lady begging them to go there as soon as possible. Lady Forsinard was also friend of the Westras, and she had written to Lady Laura begging of her to come at the same time, and to bring any friends that might be staying with her, so that they might very well all go together as far as Caithness.

But Lady Laura hesitated for some time. She confessed that she should like very much to go to Broila with them, but that she scarcely liked the idea of leaving her father and the children; and then, as she said, she would have to return alone from Caithness, which would not be very pleasant.

"I shall be your chaperone all the time you are there, dear Lady Laura," said Mrs. Champion; "and coming back, why, I am sure your cousin, Captain Howard, will take care of you."

"My cousin! Oh, no! I could not possibly trouble him to return with me," she said, blushing to the very roots of her golden hair.

up by the rays of the setting sun. The lofty cliffs of Hoy rose high on their right, and the distant Pentland Skerries, with their double lighthouses, seemed only as clouds in the east.

Along the western horizon the Atlantic lay like a silent lake of silver under a dark-blue sky in which the sun shone brilliantly.

They passed the great headland of Dunnet, beyond which they could just see the high hills of Berriedale, which are on the borders of Caithness and Sutherlandshire, and soon afterwards they sighted the harbor of Broila.

The last rays of the setting sun shone upon the stately castle, and its tall massive towers of slate-colored granite stood out boldly against the evening sky, gilded here and there by the fast-sinking sun, which shone upon the large plate-glass windows, causing them to glitter like diamonds, whilst beyond, for miles and miles around, a continuous plain of desolate moorland was alone visible.

#### CHAPTER XI.—BROILA CASTLE.

**T**HIS Castle of Broila was an imposing-looking building standing at the mouth of the harbor of the same name, and fronting the ancient town which rose on the other side of it with its dark slate roofs and white church spires. It was a modern structure, for though an old historical fortress had stood in that very spot for many centuries, braving the storms of the furious Pentland Firth and the gales of the neighboring ocean, the present castle had been entirely rebuilt from turret to foundation-stone, regardless of expense, by the present baronet.

In architecture it resembled greatly one of those splendid French châteaux of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which the Scottish noblemen, with their strong sympathies for France, and everything French, so loved to imitate. It was massive and grand, and from a distance it presented an imposing appearance, as it towered from a high rock close to the sea, with its many turrets, its clustered gables, its high roofs of slate, and its lofty frowning tower, which rose to an immense height above the rest of the building. But inside it was a most comfortable and roomy house, in which none of the modern improvements so necessary to our present ideas of comfort had been forgotten.

Altogether it was a very different sort of place from Inganess Castle, and everything about it inspired one with a feeling of warmth and comfort highly delightful to those who had just arrived from that damp old fortress of the Middle Ages.

There were several people staying in the house at the time. Amongst others were the Countess of Girnigoe, with her pretty daughter, Lady Ethel; Mrs. Seever, of Algordon, with her nephew, young Hamish Verisoph, and his sister; and an American lady, a Mrs. King, a great friend of Lady Girnigoe's, who was said to be a famous spirit-medium. So that, with this last addition to the party, the castle was now nearly full; and twenty people sat down that evening to dinner in the handsome dining-room, around which hung the portraits of Sir Ronald's ancestors, who, in their quaint, old-fashioned dresses, seemed to look down upon the party with supreme contempt from the modern French-papered walls.

Mrs. Champion was destined to meet with warm and ardent sympathizers, for both Lady Girnigoe and Mrs. Seever were women of intelligence, and held highly advanced ideas of their own, and Sir Ronald himself was anything but indifferent to the strange opinions of his fair visitors.

At Inganess the divine Dorothea, as Frank Raymond loved to call her, had been chilled by the undemonstrative and unimpressive people that surrounded her on all sides. For every one there seemed to partake of the cold dampness of the place, and to be influenced more or less by the severe old-world surroundings that spoke only of a civilization long past and gone, with which her ideas could have nothing whatever in common. But here, in this fine pile of modern architecture, where every one seemed bright and gay, she felt at once her usual spirits taking full possession of her, and as she sat after dinner in the large, elegantly-furnished drawing-room in an armchair of the latest Paris fashion, between the kind Countess of Girnigoe, who had taken wonderfully to her from the first, and her great friend, Mrs. Seever, her face beamed with almost divine inspiration, and she expounded her great ideas about liberty and human progress with a force of expression of which even Frank Raymond, who stood behind her chair, lost in mute admiration, could scarcely have believed her capable.

The rest of the party were gathered round the piano in an adjoining room, where Lady Forsinard was singing some old Italian melodies in her rich contralto voice, which seemed to fill the house with melodious harmony, and Lady Laura and her cousin, who seldom left her side, were sitting near her. But in the drawing-room no one seemed to listen to the sweet strains, for an engrossing conversation had been going on for some time between Mrs. Champion and the countess, and all those around them, from the impressionable Frank, who believed Dorothea to be something more than human, and who listened to her in enraptured silence, to the matter-of-fact Sir Ronald, who would have his own way in everything, seemed lost in silent admiration.

"You believe, then, that Italy may yet arise and become a mighty nation!" Lady Girnigoe said, after a pause, when Mrs. Champion had given utterance, in a long soul-stirring speech, to the great day-dream of her existence.

"Yes, decidedly; sooner or later Italy will be united, and then what can prevent her from becoming once more a great and powerful nation? Rome has ever been the fountain from which human knowledge and progress emanated. It has given already two dynasties to mankind; why should it not give us a third and lasting one? But for this Rome must be free and powerful. At present that great city is but the fortress of a faith that seeks to enslave men instead of exalting them. She must open her gates to the lights of modern progress, expel the Pope and his priests from her palaces, and become once more the free capital of a free and prosperous state. Rome is still great in herself, though the tyrants of mankind have appropriated to themselves her greatness. Who shall

say that Italy no more shall rise as a powerful nation? Ah, not he who feels the life of its people stirring within himself."

(To be continued.)

#### AN OVERLOOKED ARTIST.

DURING the past few years, everybody who is anybody has had a fine opportunity for becoming acquainted with the intricacies, beauties and mysteries of pottery and porcelain. Both continents have been flooded with heavy tomes, elaborately illustrated, expensively bound, upon the Ceramic Art; and lecturers have beguiled many of our leisure hours with rhapsodies on the pleasing subject. From the science of art-pottery we have been led through congenial paths to the study of art-decoration; and from the highest type of this we have seen the mania descend until it even found gratification in pasting highly-colored "scrap pictures" upon washbowls and cuspadores.

There has been of late years no social sensation so strong and so general as this of decorative art. Boudoirs and studios, parlors, bedrooms and attics have been transformed into *ateliers*, whence all manner of objects in clay and paint and pasted pictures have emerged, to be displayed in conspicuous corners and beside blue tiles and China punchbowls of a half-century ago, to show that the fabricators were thoroughly up to the times.

But with all the efforts in the pottery and decoration lines, while huge stores, replete with *brio-bras*, have been opened to crowding *dilettanti*, and all manipulations of clay have been learnedly descended upon, is it not a little singular that not a word has been said in favor of the quietly plodding Italian image and figure maker? Have not his wares been before the public for years and years? Have not our stores displayed the delft turnings of his nimble fingers? Has he not been a familiar personage among us from our very childhood, nay, even beyond? His brothers have passed us on the streets, as far as memory can reach, bearing upon their heads illuminated cathedrals; well-rounded, attractive but juiceless fruit; saints and sinners, and wonderfully beakreated animals.

Why has this art-fabricator been slighted thus? In the illustration you see one of his most intelligent craftsmen skillfully connecting the anatomical portions of a horse that may yet be the pride of your son and heir. About the modeller are more pretentious works of art in various stages of completion—a Medicis, true to the ancient measurements; Mercury, Diana, Apollo, the Madonna and Child, the Guardian Angel, busts of Washington and Lincoln, models of hands—dimpled baby hands, too—with faces, masks and medallions without number. Do not all these constitute Art and History and Patriotism?

We see him now in his workshop; but he is happier in his salesroom. There he displays the entire grand clusters of heroes and heroines of delicious mythology. He sings again their joyousness, and bewails the cruelties and injustice of their time. You are in a gallery of historical personages. Emperors of Rome in colossal bust and full stature, soldiers of ancient renown, popes, kings, presidents and ministers, are all mingled together, while displayed among them with true artistic taste are fingers, hands, feet, ears, noses, sharp profile faces, and birds, fish, reptiles and animals of every genus. Verily, Castelvecchi of the yielding clay is a genius possessed of a fine mind, fully stored with all the associations of his art, and grasping at once these resources to please our eye and gratify our aesthetic taste. If we must go crazy over our potters and decorators should we not include him among our idols?

#### MISS GENEVIEVE WARD AS "QUEEN KATHARINE."

THE rôle of *Katharine of Arragon* is one that tries the powers of an actress to the uttermost limit of endurance. It imperiously demands an exercise of the whole gamut of the passions, with the exception, perhaps, of hatred, and yet Katharine did not love her persecutors, notably Wolsey; a rôle in which love, deep, passionate and true; anger scathing, fierce and sweeping; and jealousy, wherein the very soul of the injured woman writhes in the unendurable flames of ten thousand tortures, are each played upon in turn, each exercised in its highest mood, each at an extremity of tension. To meet an artiste capable of depicting the wrongs and sorrows of the pure and virtuous Queen, whose stubborn clutch of her "marriage lines" led to the great Reformation, is a dramatic treat so all-satisfying, so full of potent spell and incomparable fascination, that the mere approach to the ideal of Katharine sets the "clock of the mind" back to 1533, when by Act of Parliament the title of Queen of England was withdrawn from Katharine, who was henceforth to be called the Dowager Princess of Wales, in the character of widow of Prince Arthur, and to the anticipation of one of those marvelous "rejoicements" whereby the senses become filled with medieval mosaic, while history unfolds a page illuminated by imperishable color. Miss Ward is an artiste, and artistes are born, not made. We have so much of the alloy upon the stage that to recognize the ring of the true metal has become instinctive, and that worship for genius which is given to each and all of us, blossoming beneath certain cultured influences, never exhales more perfectly than when we behold a Queen of Tragedy right royally wielding the sceptre of Melpomene, and comporting herself as rightly becomes the daughter of Zeus and Mnemosyne. In the play of "Henry VIII," Miss Ward is afforded scope for the display of histrio-nomic ability of the highest order, and although considerable interest attaches itself to Wolsey, a fierce light beats upon Queen Katharine's throne. From the moment the injured queen appeared upon the stage, until "just and mighty death" laid his icy hand upon her, the audience felt the power of the artiste and recognized it. In the celebrated "trial scene" Miss Ward's air of insulted pride and scorn, yielding to meekness and submissive love while addressing the King, was a perfect study; while the scathing fire with which she overwhelmed Wolsey revealed the intensity of her sufferings under the honed silence of "My Lord Cardinal." In the fourth act, as represented in our illustration, when wan, worn out, decrepid, her life dead ashes, hope gone, but her mind still full of vigor—full of the untimely wrong that had been done her, and against which she had fought so good a fight—Miss Ward's acting was lifelike, realistic, and possessed of that exquisite finish which leaves no detail unfilled, no want unsatisfied. Her make-up was artistic and complete; she looked every inch a queen. To behold her efforts to ward off the approach of death, when lying upon a couch and waiting for his icy touch—her gasps and clutchings for breath to utter words that are burning up her heart—her fierce flicker of anger as the retainer enters—her frenzied commands to the King, and her grim, solemn, ghastly directions as to her burial—revealed an artiste of whom the drama may be honestly and conscientiously proud.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Scientific Magazine in the Chinese language is now published monthly at Shanghai. The editor is Mr. John Fryer, of the Arsenal at that port.

A New and Valuable Variety of table fish, the Norwegian deep-sea flounder, has been discovered on the Massachusetts coast by Professor Baird.

Russian Officers have taken soundings in the great Siberian Lake Baikal, which shows a depth of 2,940 metres, whereas the deepest sounding in the Mediterranean is only 2,168.

The Grand Prize of 2,500 francs, offered by the Orientalist Congress for the best essay on the different phases of Aryan civilization in India, has been awarded to Dr. Inner, of Germany.

A Snake belonging to a new genus and species has been discovered in Southern India. It is classified in the family known as the Calamariæ, which are non-venomous serpents, and themselves the prey of certain hooded snakes in India.

M. Cochevy, the director of the French postal telegraph, is now in London studying the working of the English system, and hopes to introduce into the French service a number of improvements which the large traffic and progressive character of the English service has brought into use.

The Great South American Earthquake of May, 1877, was felt at the Pultava Astronomical Observatory in Russia, producing a tremor in an instrument with which an observer was watching a star. This appears from a report recently communicated to the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences.

As there has been so much controversy as to the best means of detecting a false diamond, the authority of Hugh Owen is worth quoting, who says that a fragment or splinter of sapphire, set in copper, as a test pencil, is the best instrument for proving diamonds. It will scratch all other stones, but will not mark the surface of a diamond.

The Frequent Mysterious Burning of haystacks and farmers' buildings has led to the discovery that they are set on fire by wasps' nests, and that the nests are ignited by spontaneous combustion. This is produced by the chemical action of the wax in contact with the paper-like substance of which the nest is composed, a comparatively small access of oxygen being sufficient to make it burst forth in a blaze.

The Turks are great connoisseurs of drinking-water as Western Europeans are of wine. To suit particular tastes the water-sellers at Constantinople supply the beverage by the names of the sources from which it has been procured. The water of Kanlikavak Spring, near Arnaout Kioy, is perhaps the purest spring water in the world, or by careful analysis it has been proved to rank next in purity to distilled water.

The Employment of Wood in the manufacture of paper is not conducive to the longevity of that substance. Professor Reuleaux called attention to the subject in a lecture delivered at Leipzig, pointing out that, as the paper used in the German public offices is mainly composed of wood, the destruction, from natural causes, of many important official records may be expected. He limits their duration to about fifteen years.

Confinement in a Well-kept Prison is said to be beneficial to health. The Sanitary Inquirer says that the records of the best English penitentiaries show that a person's chances of life in them are nearly double what they would be in freedom. Notwithstanding two-thirds of the inmates enter such institutions with disease on them, yet, as a result of pure air, cleanliness and a well-regulated diet, prisons are made seats of health. In those of Scotland, which are models of good management, the death rate is only three in 1,000. Contrast this with the death rate of seventeen per 1,000 in the British army, or with the average of twenty per 1,000 in other occupations, and it will be seen what results may be obtained by proper sanitary regulation.

Inflammable Vegetable Spores.—The powder contained in the spore-cases of *Lycopodium clavatum* and *L. Selago* is highly inflammable; shaken out and collected, it is employed under the name of lycopoda, or vegetable brimstone, on the continent of Europe, in the manufacture of fireworks and in pharmacy to roll up pills, which, when coated with it, may be put in water without being moistened. The plant of *Lycopodium clavatum* has long been used as an emetic, and that of *L. Selago* as a cathartic; but it is said that if the dose is not small it is followed by faintness and convulsions; it is regarded as a powerful irritant and has been externally employed in keeping blisters open and as a counter-irritant for cases of inflamed eyes. Since the explosion in the Wisconsin Flour Mills and in the candy factory in New York, special attention has been called to the highly inflammable nature of finely divided starch, flour, and dust from vegetable sources, and greater precautions will have to be observed to prevent the recurrence of disasters in the future.

The Berlin Geographical Society.—The Berlin Geographical Society has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation in characteristic German fashion. The Paris society sent a delegate who appears to have made a favorable impression, as he expressed the sentiment that science makes all men of one brotherhood and that boundary lines in geography ought not to separate those who are studying the world as a whole; he hoped that such reunions as the present would tend to break down party feeling and cement true friendship. His remarks were loudly applauded and the applause was redoubled when the Crown Prince rose to shake hands with him in token of ascent. The American Geographical Society is held in high repute in Germany, and was honorably mentioned. An English journal says: "Chief Justice Daly's presidential address always contains an admirable and exhaustive summary of the year's work; and this year it is quite as full and interesting as usual, nothing in the domain of geography of any importance remaining untouched, special prominence being of course given to the various surveys of the United States."

The Largest Fossil Animal ever Found.—In the March number of the American Journal of Science and Arts, Professor Marsh describes the largest land animal yet known to have existed on the globe. Its name is *Altantosaurus immanis*. The thigh bone of this creature is over eight feet long, with a thickness at the larger end of twenty-five inches, though the bone has no true head. A comparison of this bone with the femur of a crocodile, would indicate that the fossil saurian, if of similar proportions, had a total length of 115 feet. That the reptile was 100 feet long when alive, is at least probable. The other bones of this animal that have been found are proportionally gigantic; one caudal vertebra has a transverse diameter of more than sixteen inches. All the bones of this reptile yet discovered are in the Yale College Museum. They are from the Upper Jurasia of Colorado. This reminds us of the account of a still living monster found in Brazil which has been going the rounds of the papers recently. It is an enormous worm called the *minhocao*, 150 feet in length, covered with root mighty pine trees as if they were blades of grass, often diverting the courses of streams and turning dry land into a morass. We can believe in the fossil, but the living earth worm, like the sea serpent, appears to be apocryphal.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GOUNOD's new opera "Polyeucte" was produced, October 7th, at the Grand Opera House, Paris, with great success.

GENERAL GRANT has abandoned his contemplated trip to India for the present, and will remain in Paris during the Winter.

THE REV. ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER, it is rumored, is about to marry an English lady and accept the charge of a church in England.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON has signed a decree fixing October 27th as the date for the election of Senators by the Municipal Councils.

PROFESSOR ASA GRAY's election to a corresponding membership of the French Academy was by a large majority—thirty-two votes out of forty.

PROFESSOR SEAGER, of the Catholic University at Kensington, London, died in Florence after a short illness while attending the Congress of Orientalists.

GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT, recently appointed Governor of the Territory of Arizona, has arrived at Prescott, and has met with a warm reception.

M. ERNEST QUOTELET, an eminent astronomer, for many years connected with the Royal Observatory at Brussels, has just died at the age of fifty-three.

FRED GRANT, aide-de-camp to General Sheridan, has been ordered to duty as chief engineer officer, Division of the Missouri, succeeding Colonel Gillespie, corps of engineers.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR J. WINTHROP TAYLOR, senior surgeon on the active list, will be appointed Surgeon-general of the Navy, in place of Surgeon-general Grier, retired.

LYDIA SQUINN, the last lineal descendant of the famous Indian King Philip, is still living at New Bedford, Mass., and although eighty-three years of age, she is still bright and vigorous.

THE Right Rev. Thomas Galberry, D.D., Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Hartford, Conn., died of a sudden hemorrhage at a hotel in New York City, October 10th, aged 48 years.

THE Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Rosebery are the Conservative and Liberal candidates, respectively, of the students of Aberdeen University for the Lord Rectorship now held by Mr. Forster.

CARL VON GEBLER, a young historian of great promise, and the author of a well-known work on "Galileo Galilei and the Roman Curia," died last month at Gratz, in Styria. He was a lieutenant of Austrian dragoons, and only twenty-seven years old.

VISCOUNT NOGUEIRAS, the recently appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Portugal to the United States, was presented to the President by Acting Secretary of State Seward, October 8th. The usual complimentary addresses were exchanged.

THE Grand Duke Alexius is to be godfather of his little niece, daughter of his sister Marie, Duchess of Edinburgh. Queen Victoria and her eldest daughter, the future Empress of Germany, are to visit, it is rumored, the Duke of Edinburgh and his wife at Coburg, this Autumn.

MR. RICHARD ROGERSON, of Liverpool, is spoken of as a model English working-man. He is seventy-seven years old, and has worked in a foundry for one firm for the last sixty-six years. He has had fourteen children, forty-two grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

THE Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D., senior pastor of the Union Congregational Church of Boston, died on Sunday night, October 6th, aged seventy-three years. He was one of the oldest clergymen in Boston, and in several respects one of the most prominent, having a wide reputation as a theologian.

EARL BEAUCONFIELD is reputed a rich man by marriage and otherwise, although before obtaining his pension of \$10,000 a year he had to make a declaration of poverty. In the last Domesday Book of England he is thus entered as a landed proprietor in the County of Buckingham: "Draeli, B., Hughenden, 1,004 acres. Sr. 11p."

ROBERT LYTTON, Viceroy of India, is a genial man, and a brilliant and delightful talker. His wife is a stately and graceful lady, an admirable hostess, most sweet and courteous. Their palace at Calcutta is a magnificent dwelling, and full of beauty and luxury. Lord Lytton's office is a very laborious one, but it has the compensations of power and splendor.

MR. MOODY, the evangelist, arrived at Baltimore with his family. He has rented and furnished a house, and will remain all Winter for recuperation and study. Mr. Moody settles there entirely of his own accord, and does not intend to attempt any great revival or to speak much in the churches. This is to be a year of rest for future effort, and the climate is expected to benefit one of his children who is in delicate health.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, at his Provincial home, rises at daybreak, reads and writes until midday, when, under a cloudy sky, he takes a long walk. He never drinks wine, but is a great smoker. His cigars are nearly a foot long. The house is the one in which Murat hid during the "white terror." It was an ancestor of Sir



MISSOURI.—CELEBRATION OF THE FESTIVAL OF CERES AT ST. LOUIS, OCTOBER 8TH—THE VEILED PROPHET CHIEF WITH HIS RETINUE PASSING THE COURT HOUSE.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. JUMP.

RECEPTION OF THE VEILED PROPHETS  
IN ST. LOUIS.

THE mysterious organization of the Veiled Prophets is said to have been in existence fully a thousand years. In the United States, if there were branches, but little has been seen of them. When the corner-stone of the Merchants' Exchange in St.

Louis was laid, a small but unusual-looking procession of people added to the formal ceremony by depositing under the wall a glass jar inclosing a parcel whose contents have not been revealed to the general public.

That the Veiled Prophets have substantial footing in St. Louis is demonstrated by the size, brilliancy and enthusiasm of the outpouring of the un-

known on Tuesday, October 8th, when, for a night, the city was wholly given up to revelry, such as is seen in Memphis and New Orleans at Mardi Gras.

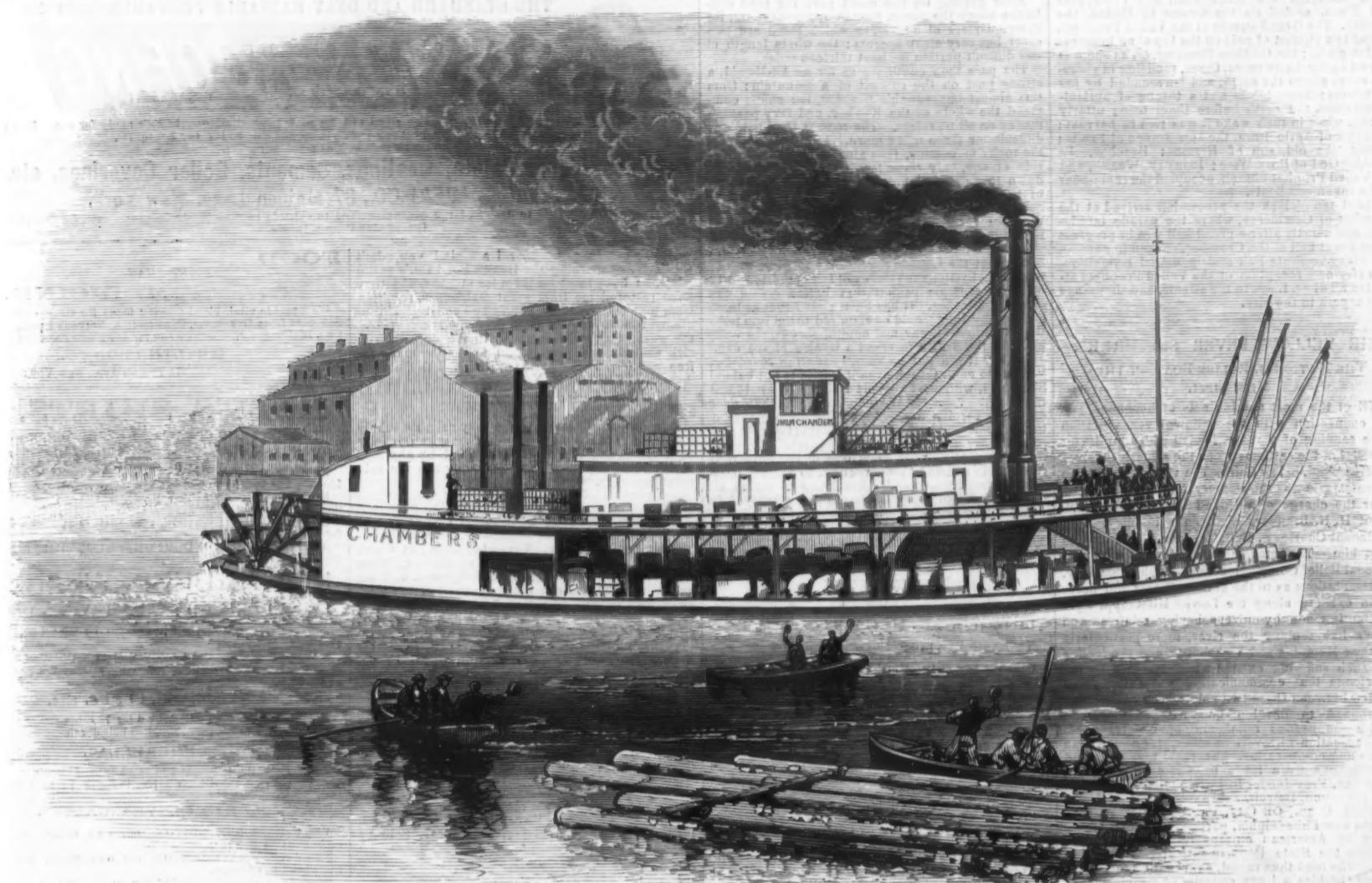
The Temple of the Prophets is on Twelfth Street, between Chestnut and Market Streets. At about six o'clock the crowd commenced to assemble. The outer gate on Chestnut Street was thrown down, in order to give exit to the chariots; but the vulgar

eve could not penetrate into the Temple. The city was elegantly illuminated, and exhibited a liberal and tasteful display of flags, banners and festoons of colored cloth.

At seven o'clock all vehicle traffic was stopped by the police. From the back part of the Temple a large number of men issued, each having in his hand a circular piece of metal, the use of which was



NEW YORK CITY.—MISS GENEVIEVE WARD AS "QUEEN KATHARINE," IN "HENRY VIII., NOW BEING PLAYED IN BOOTH'S THEATRE—THE DEATHBED SCENE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—SEE PAGE 131.



MISSOURI.—DEPARTURE FROM ST. LOUIS OF THE NATIONAL RELIEF BOAT, LOADED WITH SUPPLIES FOR YELLOW-FEVER SUFFERERS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.—SEE PAGE 134.

at first an enigma, but it afterwards turned out that they were protectors for the wrists when the men were carrying the red lights in the procession. The torch-lighters, all dressed in brown habits, with cowls, priest-fashion, filed out from the main entrance, and took up their position in South Market Square and along Twelfth Street. At length the curtain was raised amid roars of expectancy and approval. The Temple was ablaze

with light, and gold, and silver. Objects could be indistinctly made out, but the spectators restrained their curiosity in a praiseworthy manner, for they knew that everything would be exposed to the public gaze in a very short time. A company of the mounted police appeared, and cleared Twelfth Street, near the Temple, without any trouble. As each float was driven out by its six steeds, it was greeted with shouts of applause by the elder

lookers-on, and with cries of delight by the youngsters. With commendable promptitude the procession formed, and at eight o'clock sharp, the time announced, the cavalcade was started on its way to Washington Avenue, without one mishap or unfortunate occurrence.

The various floats were designed to illustrate the life of Ceres. The first typified the glacial period, showing the condition of the earth after Ceres, who

was the goddess having particular control of agriculture, expressed a benevolent desire to bring forth abundant harvests. The Chariot of the Sun followed, four flying steeds being driven by Phœbus with the reins in one hand. Primitive animals came next in the order of created things; then the floods of darkness, illustrating the opposition of ignorance and superstition to the innovation of civilizing influences, and after these the Centaur. The gladsome



AFGHANISTAN.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE KHYBER PASS AGAINST BRITISH INVASION—ELEPHANTS HAULING TIMBER FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF REDOUTS.—SEE PAGE 134.

Flora occupied the sixth float, and Proserpine and Pluto, seated on the throne in Hades, the seventh. The Grand Oracle of the Vailed Prophets, seated in a chariot of gold on the top of an immense golden globe; the Goddess Demeter, or, as she was known to the Latin races, Ceres, reclining in gorgeous court above the earth, and surrounded by her attendants; Triptolemus and a throng of agricultural deities, the earth before them being utterly barren, while in their wake it was rich in harvest; the dawn of Agriculture, the appearance of Fruits; Silenus, the old son of Hermes; Bacchus, the youthful God of Rosy Wine; Industry, Wealth, and the Vailed Prophet himself, occupied the remainder of the seventeen floats.

About ten o'clock the procession arrived at the Chamber of Commerce, where the parade terminated, and shortly after a grand ball was in progress in the great hall of the Chamber. Taken in connection with the State Fair and Industrial Exhibition, the entry and reception of the Vailed Prophets attracted all of St. Louis to the streets, and thousands of strangers to the city.

#### THE YELLOW FEVER SUFFERERS. THE NATIONAL RELIEF BOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

ONE of the most notable acts of beneficence in connection with the yellow fever visitation is the sending of a vessel loaded with supplies for the relief of the settlements on the eastern shore of the Mississippi, below Cairo. The vessel engaged in this enterprise was the steamer *John M. Chambers*, under the charge of a United States officer, Lieutenant H. H. Brenner, Eighteenth Infantry, with Lieutenant Charles S. Hall, Thirteenth Infantry, to assist him. The movement originated with the National Relief Commissioners of Washington City. Representations as to the great suffering and destitution existing along the Lower Mississippi were constantly made by citizens having relatives and friends living along the river, more particularly between Memphis and Vicksburg; and the feeling that such suffering existed was intensified by the knowledge that communication was entirely suspended between these two points. The commission determined to develop measures which would furnish the needed relief and open telegraphic communication with various cities, stating the plan and asking co-operation. Favorable responses and contributions were made by Chicago, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Providence, R. I., Rochester, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Detroit, Milwaukee, State of Iowa, Hartford, Conn., Oil City, Pa., Wheeling, W. Va., Buffalo and Philadelphia, portion of fund contributed by American citizens resident in France, through the State Department, and Washington City. The fund thus raised, aggregating \$20,000 in money (besides a large quantity of merchandise), was expended in the charter of a steamer and the purchase of an assorted cargo of such provisions, clothing, bedding, medicines and ice, as experience suggested was adapted for the purpose intended. The principal items were: 150 tons ice, 1,500 quart bottles champagne, 6 cases brandy, 4 cases sherry, 24 dozen Budweiser beer, 25 boxes meisons, 40 dozen canned tomatoes, 40 dozen cans corned beef, 48 dozen extract of beef, 121 gallons of whisky, 33 boxes tea, 6 barrels grits, 11 tubs butter, 50 barrels onions, 50 barrels potatoes, 102 barrels corn-meal, 10,000 pounds bacon, 55 barrels flour, 15 sacks meal, 1,050 boxes crackers, 1,000 live chickens, 400 dozen eggs, 1,000 pounds coffee, 1,500 pounds sugar, 1,000 mattresses, 1,000 pillows, 1,000 drawers, 800 dressing-gowns, 1,000 shirts, 25 barrels chloride of lime, 20 boxes soap, 2 large cases clothing, 200 blankets, 300 pairs shoes, 500 yards sheeting, 25 barrels turpentine, 2 barrels carbolic acid. There was a large assortment of other general groceries and supplies of all kinds. Also 200 cases of selected medicines, which alone cost \$3,000. Material for 300 coffins was carried.

The relief boat left St. Louis on the morning of October 4th. Before sailing, Lieutenant Brenner received a draft for \$500 sent to him by the United States army officers stationed at New York City, with the request that he distribute it among the most deserving wherever he should go. Early on the morning of departure a large crowd assembled on the wharf to bid the vessel God-speed on her mission. From her masthead floated a yellow streamer, with the words on it, "National Relief Boat," while on her left was a large canvas with the same inscription in heavy black letters. Both decks were crowded with boxes, barrels and packages of all kinds, and everything was hurry and bustle. At half-past eleven o'clock the bell rang for the last time, hasty and earnest farewells were said, and the *Chambers* slowly backed out into the great river. She went with the good wishes of the whole nation. Many a sufferer will be relieved, many a heart made glad, and many a life saved. It is such things that weld together the hearts of the North and the people of the South, and is another proof of the eloquent saying of the great and lamented Governor Yates, that the Mississippi was never made to run through a divided country.

#### ENGLAND'S THIRD AFGHAN WAR.

THE first shots have been fired; the voice of the diplomat having failed, King Cannon resolves to decide the question.

The Afghans call themselves Pushtaneh, and are termed by the Indians, Patans. Afghan is the name by which they are known to the Persians, and through them to the Europeans. Their speech is the Pushtu, a dialect derived from the ancient Zend, and therefore a sister language of the Persian.

The Afghans inhabit the mountainous region to the northward of the low country of the Punjab, or the plain of the Indus.

Their proper country is the southern declivity of the great chain of Hindu Kush, the western continuation of Himalaya and the Paropamisan range; it includes also the chain of Soliman, and the table-land to the westward of it.

The Afghans are a rude and warlike people, and are distinguished by their manners and language, as well from the Persians as from the natives of India. Under Russian tuition they are likely to try the metal of the best of Britain's troops.

The Khyber Pass, is celebrated as being the "Northern Gate of India."

Two mountains rise on each side of the entrance of the Pass to the height of 2,000 feet, and the road between the mountains is only 100 feet broad. Beyond this the pass opens out to about a quarter of a mile, which continues with slight variations over a tolerably good road. "Then begins the work."

The road then ascends the steep side of the mountain, the path being cut out of the solid rock. The road is only 12 feet wide and continues for three-quarters of a mile, during which the ascent is nearly 2,000 feet.

After getting up this worst part, the road continues much the same, though not ascending, for three-quarters of a mile, in which there are two short but very steep ascents; the whole length of this difficult portion is about thirteen miles.

The pass then continues as far as Ali-Musjid, a strong post on the summit of a mountain; from this almost impregnable position, the chiefs command the whole of the Khyber, and levy passage money on all travelers. The road is then wild and difficult for three miles more. First up and down the rocky mountains, then along a pathway on the side of one, only three feet wide, and then leads down to a dry nullah, leading out into the plains of Peshawar.

This short description of the famous pass, will give our readers a slight idea of the difficulties before the British troops.

The country is so rugged and the means of travel so few that the London *Spectator* has been urging upon Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India, the necessity of making ample preparation before giving the signal of advance. It has been stated that at least six months' time would be required to get into position munitions of war and commissary stores sufficient for the British to stand a week's active campaign. "It will not be safe," says the *Spectator*, "for us to enter Cabul, even if Russia is not behind Shere Ali, without two corps d'armes of 15,000 men each. . . . We can now less than ever afford to receive a check. . . . If we lose a battle, India will be in a flame behind us from end to end."

Our illustration represents one of the numerous redoubts in course of construction, to bar the passage of the "red-coats." Resolving to utilize all his resources, the very elephants are employed in constructing defensive works, for the protection of the Amee. These clumsy-looking, but in reality clever and useful, animals are doing the work of a strong body of engineers.

#### FUN.

LADIES are now very busy Fall furnishing. NEVER stroke a mustache when it is down.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP—Hard-money Democrats with Greenbackers.

ECONOMY is wealth. Even the stovepipe is coming out with its last Winter's soot.

STRANGE FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY—The bee gives us honey, but we give the wasp whacks.

LATEST EASTERN ATRO-CITY.—Why is a miser like the town of Gradiasca? Because he's always "on the Save."

SO DEVOUT are our business men, that when a committee of them is to look into a bankrupt's affairs, almost the first move is to have appraise me.

HE was talking learnedly about the pharmaceutical profession. An honest husbandman in the next seat couldn't help interrupting with "Jes so, sir, jes so; a farm may suit a gal, but the fellows patter for Boston the fust chance."

THE Post Office Department has ruled that a husband has no control over the correspondence of his wife. But this decision will not prevent a man from carrying his wife's letter around in his inside coat pocket three weeks before mailing it.

A MAN gave his agent \$100, telling him to buy 100 animals for him, and not to pay over ten dollars for a horse, three dollars for a sheep and fifty cents for a dog. How many of each kind did he buy?—Answer: Five horses, one sheep and ninety-four dogs.

BUTLER's forehead ends over against the bump of philoprogenitiveness, and his caput shines like a peeled onion. Kearney must have received him in his nightcap, with tassels, to have described him as "the chivalrous and white-plumed Navarre of the rostrum."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—First Friend: Oh, by-the-bye, I'm so sorry I was out when you called—"Second ditto: "Oh, never mind, I—" First Friend: "Yes, but I am so vexed, I can—" Second ditto: "Oh, but don't mention it; no consequence, my dear, really."

SAD FLIRT (who can't for the life of him determine whether he is talking to a wife or a widow)—"The husband's boat is coming in, I see—shall we go and see if he has come down?" Sad Flirt—Well, no, I am afraid I shall be obliged to say good-by now, for I know he has."

IRATE passenger to cabman, who gets off his box and opens the carriage-door: "I told you I lived at the top of the hill, not at the bottom, you blunder-head." Cabbie: "Whist, your honor, whist! I'll merely slam the door, and the baste'll think you're out, and go up the hill like the devil."

EDUCATION.—Inspector of Schools: "It strikes me that teacher of yours retains little or no grasp upon the attention of the children—not bold enough, you know—not bold enough." Lancashire Magistrate (who takes great interest in the educational movement): "Not hold enough! Lor' bless yer—if she ever sees forty again, I'll eat my 'at'!"

#### THAT BOY.

DRAMATIC PERSONNÉ.—A young American in roundabout and leggings, perched upon the fence devouring a huge piece of mince pie, and a maiden of five Summers, in pantalets, looking very wistfully at the gormand on the fence. Young America: "I say, sis, does your mar make mince pie? If she does I'll bet they ain't so good as my mar's." Little Miss (timidly): I like mince pie awfully well!

Young America: "Well, now, that's funny! Just look here" (drawing a quarter of a pie out of his jacket pocket), "and it's boss, too! Ain't my mar good?" (carefully stowing it away in his pocket). That boy "is father to the man" who must have his cigars and any other masculine luxury his contemptible selfishness craves, while his poor sickly wife must do the work of two women ("girls waste more than they earn," he says), and for the want of a little money to purchase a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the sovereign remedy for female diseases and weaknesses, she is literally dying by inches—and all because of that masculine selfishness which would not divide the childish luxury with his playmate, and now tacitly refuses his wife the luxury ever sees forty again, I'll eat my 'at'!"

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ARONY.—SEE PAGE

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